The Bystander, November 29, 1916.—No. 678. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

THE NEW EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

Married five years ago to Carl Franz Josef, who has succeeded to the throne of the Habsburgs. She was before her marriage Princess Zita Marie de Grâces, daughter of the late Duke Robert of Parma; and she presented her husband with a son, now the Archduke Franz Josef of Austria, in 1912

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

FRANCIS JOSEPH AND AFTER

Once a Name to Quake At

The name of Francis Joseph was one at which the quidnuncs of peace time used to quake. It was always feared that it might please Heaven—in a moment of unaccountable eccentricity—to take him, which was to be the sign of the letting loose of hell upon earth. Heaven showed itself reluctant to receive Francis Joseph. Naturally enough, for Heaven had seen sixty-eight years of the effects of Francis Joseph's presence upon earth.

The Effect of His Death

Last week one of the great supernatural powers did definitely please to receive the soul of the aged monarch—two and a half years *after* hell had been let loose, and one naturally fell to wondering, first, whether it would have any effect whatever on the actual situation; and, second, whether it would have had any effect had it taken place three years ago, when everybody expected it.

A Puppet Successor

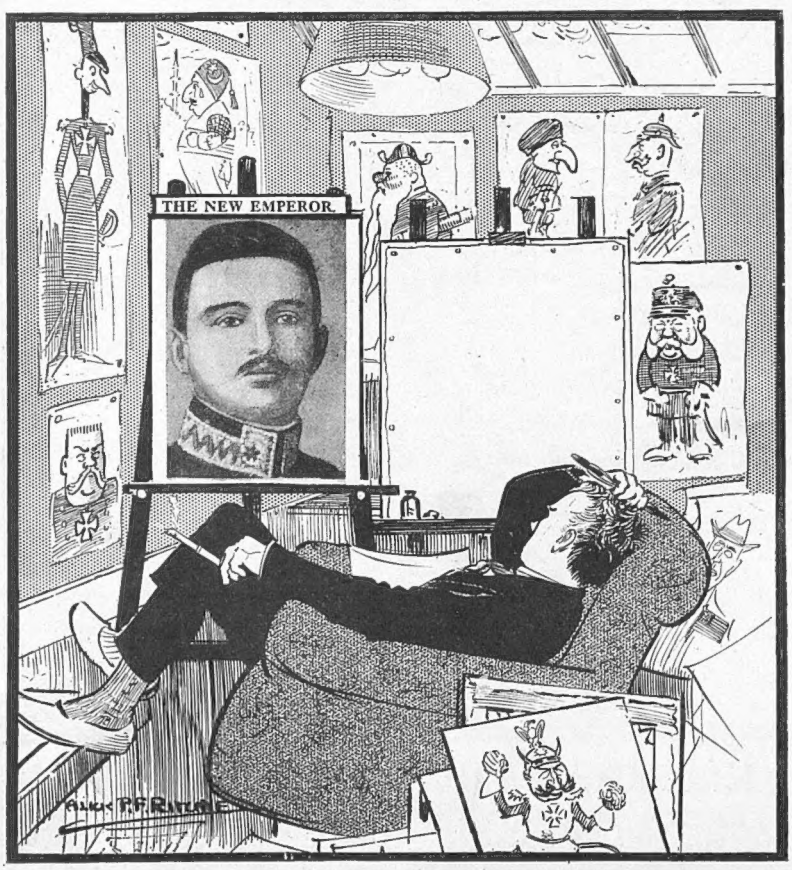
In the first case, I expect the effect will be to rivet yet further the German-Magyar yoke on the Dual Monarchy—to use a phrase from the stockpot of Press diplomatics. Karl Francis is just the sort of young man that Kaiser William would like to make a puppet of. So much more pliable an Austrian monarch is he than Francis Ferdinand would have been that one often wonders who really inspired the assassins of Serajevo. But that's another story.

Will the Dual Monarchy Split?

Karl Francis will probably reign only for a very short time as Dual Monarch. I doubt very strongly whether the Hungarians will long "stand for" a German-Austrian puppet on the throne. They will not very long hence be clamouring for a Sovereign of their own, and if he also is to be that poor thing, a vassal of Prussia—well, he may as well be Hungary's own, for Hungary accepted Francis Joseph, but never the Habsburgs. She might be willing to accept a stalwart Hohenzollern if the Kaiser has one to spare.

No Longer The Old Austria

As to the second problem, whether, if Francis Joseph had died three years ago, there would have been this war, I believe certainly that had Francis Ferdinand succeeded there would have been *a* war, but I do not believe it would have been this war. He was far too bigoted a man to have allowed himself to kill Austria for the King of Prussia's dinner. Whatever other results there may be of this war, there will be no more Austria as we have known, and not disliked, her. There will be a group of provinces ruled by Germans, and incorporated into the German Empire—Central Europe, in fact.



THE CARTOONIST'S CONUNDRUM

"Now, what *can* one do with a face like *that*?"

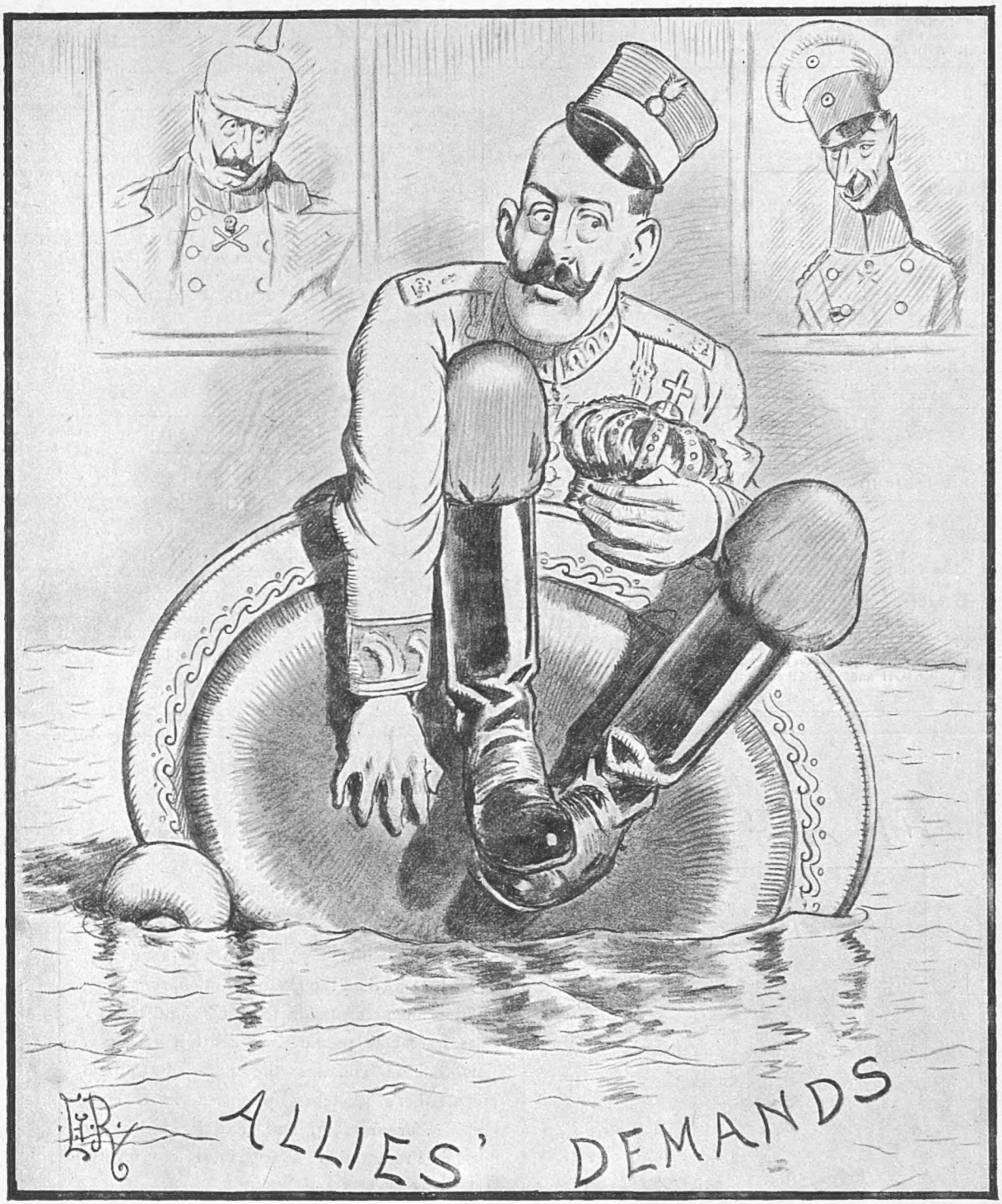
Twenty-four Hours Bread Exemption

A certainty of the near future is an Order prohibiting the sale of bread until twenty-four hours after it is baked. It is a certainty because the Government, admitting the idea is good, has just said it is impossible. They always do it like that. At the moment they claim exemption from framing this Order because they say the bakers have not the storage room which the twenty-four hours' wait would necessitate. If I may constitute myself the tribunal in this appeal I will endeavour to show the Government that the difficulty they put forward isn't there. I will do it in simple, Reading-Without-Tears language suited to their understanding:—

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

King Canut-stantine

OR, TRYING TO KEEP (THE DIVINE) RIGHT-SIDE-UP



TINO (the unstable equilibrist): Ah, well! 'f course it's a most 'xceptional tide, but, after all, I'm still on the Throne!"

The Possible Impossible

One day, call it a Tues-day, tell the poor ba-ker-man he must shut his shop like on Sun-day, and ev-er-y-body must buy e-nough bread for two days. Once he gets a day and a night be-hind with his de-liv-er-ies he will per-ma-nently re-main so with-out strain-ing his bloom-ing stor-age room any more than at pre-sent, fat-head.

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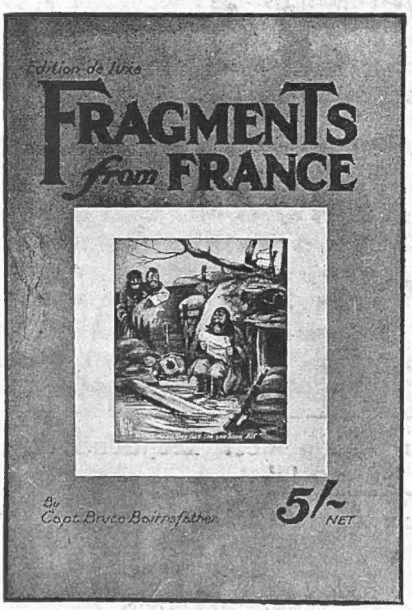
FRAGMENTS from FRANCE



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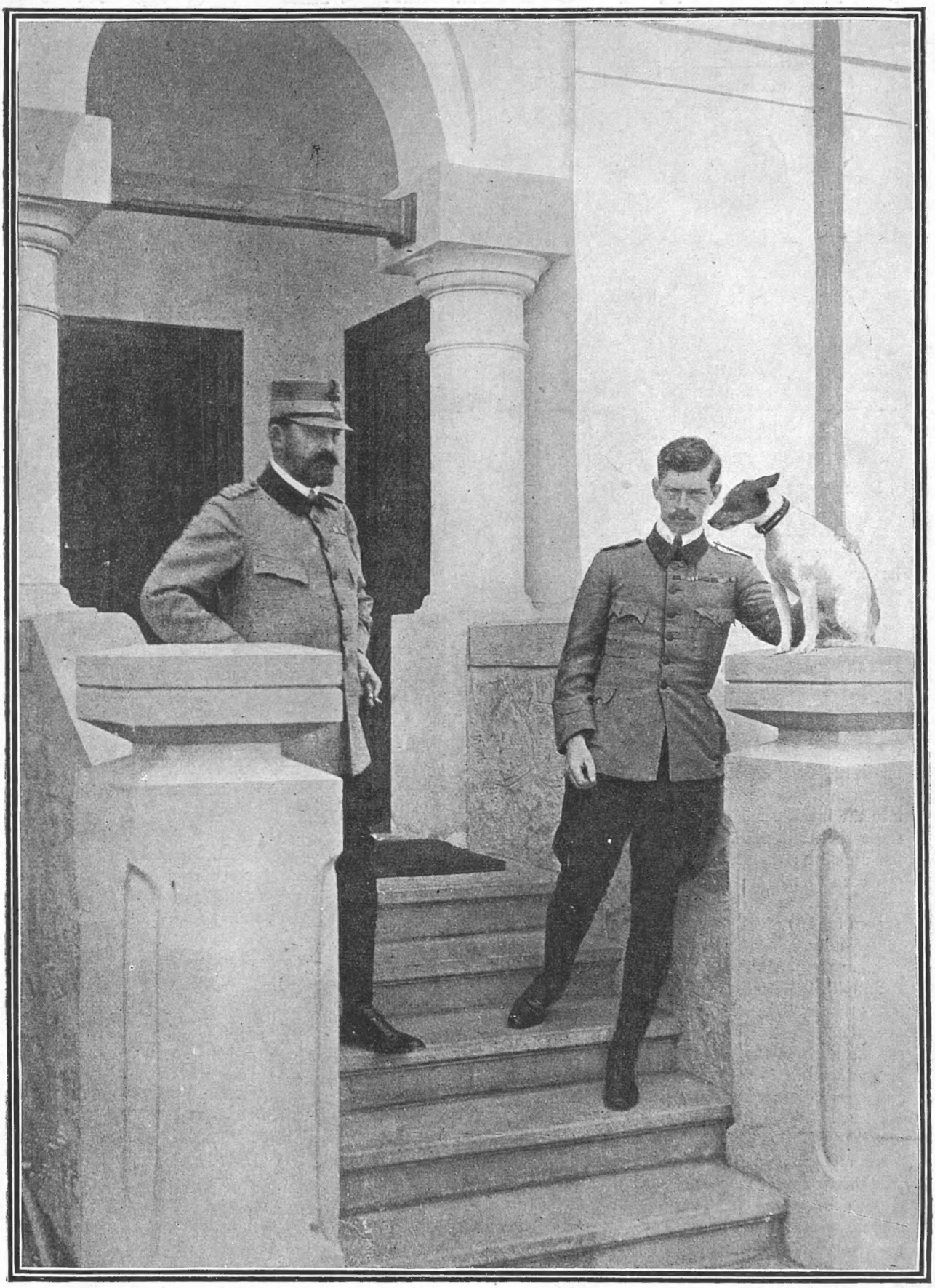


The King and the Crown Prince of Rumania with their armies at the front, who are so gallantly and skilfully resisting the German onslaughts. Their headquarters are at one of the Royal shooting-boxes, just outside which the photograph was taken

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"Conscription for Women"

LONDON, *November* 27, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

WAR may bring out the best in man—poor dear, he doesn't get much of a choice these days, does he, when perforce, as "X.," the last new poet, says:

. . . each of them in raiment
Of honour goeth drest,
And hath his fee and payment
And glory on his breast.

But as to that (as yet) free agent, woman—well, you know, I'm not so sure.

* *

SOME of them—I think, perhaps, most of them—have shown themselves, of course, just too splendid for words since England went to war and they took all our men away from us. Gallantly they've stepped into the breach, and magnificently they've renounced those sheltered privileges which man, not *altogether* for unselfish reasons, has up to now so graciously conceded them.

* *

AND for lots of them it's taken some doing. When you've never tried rising every day at seven, whether you felt like it or not, it's a bit of a struggle, I can tell you, carrying on with those nine to six office hours that some of them formerly regarded as of purely masculine import. Leisure, luxury, laziness—these are life itself to the really "womanly" woman, and her sudden impact with the whirling world that works and does things other than order the butter hasn't happened without bruises, I assure you.

* *

AS my pretty young "farmer's girl" put it the other day, it may be serving King and country, but it does make you into a "dud" woman carting manure and milking captious cows—a dud woman to whom the former delights of *crêpe de Chine* undies and manicured nails and fluffy evening frocks and all the rest of it, are only dreams. Munitioning, too, isn't so easy as kissing, nor canteening so amusing as golf. "Splay" feet are the almost invariable result of a whole year's solid and serious V.A.D.'ing, and if you want to know what a girl looks like when she's really tired, go and call on a 'bus-conductress when her day's work's done.

* *

THAT for the credit side of woman in war-time. But there are others, and they're a regiment—a regiment of stand-backs, who'd almost be amusing if it weren't really rather tragic that here in England now, after all that's happened and that's going to happen, such *things* should be still alive—and kicking!

* *

I'M told it was quite the horridest sight of the war (this side of the Channel) the struggling horde of females that assembled in serried masses to catch a glimpse of the bride of the autumn season. Time was theirs to command—they waited hours to see the fun. Youth and strength were obviously their portion—a wretched man-photographer there on business nearly got "done in" under the onrush of their trampling feet. And this world's goods, too, had not been denied them—they were all well-dressed and of extremely well-fed aspect.

* *

I SUPPOSE they'd heard about the war—but, of course, you never can tell. I know quite nice women who to this day read nothing but the "fashion pages" of the daily paper, and crowds who can digest the news of the world and its wars only in those disastrous snippets that don't even begin to stir the brain—not to mention the heart.

* *

IMAGINATION, of course, isn't invariably included in the average woman's equipment. If it were—well, I'm afraid some of the "workers" even might happen on the idea that their "work" wasn't—shall we say *essential* to the winning of the war? Take the chorus of most of the musical comedies and revues, *par exemple*. Strapping wenches, most of them, able to motor all day and sup and dance all night without blenching—what an asset on the land! The country badly wants milkers, and the bitterest of blizzards

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued)

wouldn't affect them in their breeches and corduroys, hardened as they are by bravely enduring stage draughts in tights and a bit of chiffon.

❀ ❀

CONSCRIPTION for women—I'm afraid that's the only way to garner in all the gone-to-waste power, for they won't come voluntarily, that's certain. But it's a pity, isn't it? There's such a glory and a glamour about a voluntary self-sacrifice. Which reminds me, Lord N. (you know who I mean, of course) has taken up the Volunteers. So now they're *really* "recognised" at last, and they say, with a "lead" from such high places, even the W.O. is now going to be really quite nice to them.

"Fortunately we wrap ourselves up well"

❀ ❀

HOPE it won't go to their heads—such unaccustomed notice and kindness. Anyway, "invasion," according to Lord French, "being no impossibility," they're to have weapons and things to bash the Hun with if he does come. And, of *course*, they'll have to have something *quite* new in the way of uniforms. You can't expect War Offices and things really to get going, can you, till they've set the pace with important things like that?

❀ ❀

BUT, oh, dear! we *are* becoming a military nation, aren't we? Even the old and—well, not-so-slim-as-they-were are being dragged into it now, and it makes us all so excited or something, somehow. In all my knowledge of it I've never seen London so chock-a-block, never known the restaurants so crowded, theatres so prosperous, pleasure so utterly everyone's objective. I suppose it's the edge-of-a-volcano feeling. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, and all the rest of it. But it seems unfortunate. I mean, all this money, all this energy, all this nervous force—surely we'd score higher if we used it in one direction only. Say, to win the war.

❀ ❀

OF course, it's quite different outside the big cities, though even in the quiet country there's a little undercurrent of excitement—khaki's not a sedative. But there are awfully few men left except occasional wounded soldiers and now and again a man on leave. Motoring isn't done much, with petrol so precious and chauffeurs so scarce, hunting's a dull business with half the men gone, games aren't popular for the same reason, and in the country houses there's only one thing to think about, and that's how the husbands or the sons or the lovers are getting on "over there."

❀ ❀

A MORE decent way to go to war, I can't help thinking, than the way we do it in London—all feasting and gaiety and dinners and frocks and tea-parties and sporting flappers (wearing "wounded" gold stripes!), and "priceless fox-trots," and "topping girls" who don't mind being squeezed, and frightfully cheery young subs, who think that all that's *Life*. However. . . . That's only just the surface part that *shows*, you know.

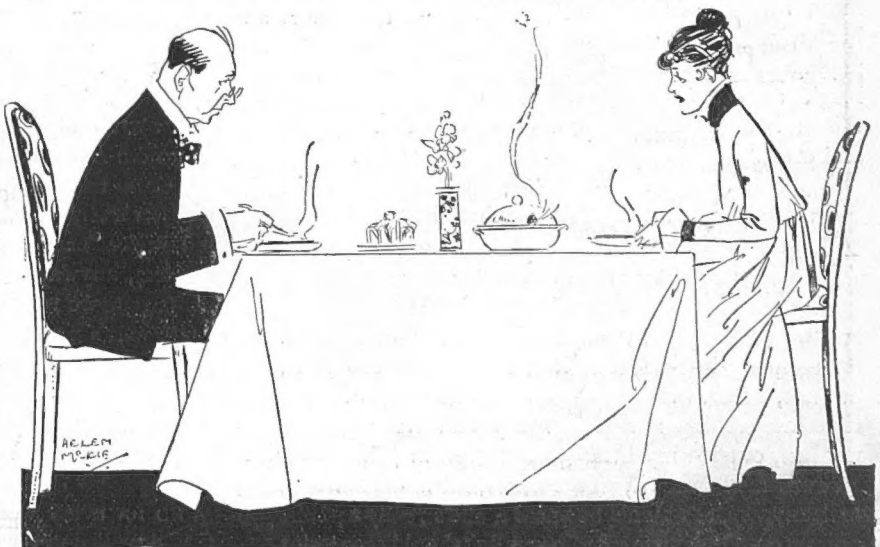
❀ ❀

UNDERNEATH, I'm sure, we're really quite all right in England now. Simply heaps of babies are happening, and the world can't be so bad if it's still worth bringing them into, can it? And there's a positive boom in poets. People buy them, my dear, yes, *buy* them—their works I mean, of course, for though the parsons mayn't go battle-fighting for England (and remain parsons) the poets have been right in the thick of it, and some real, real poetry's the result.

❀ ❀

THERE must be good, mustn't there, even in war, if out of the dust and dreariness and dreadfulness there come forth beautiful verses? I suppose the poets see, like Peter Pan, that death's a very Great Adventure, to die for one's country not an end at all, but just a consummation. That's why I can't help wishing that we could be "cheery" here a little differently—the women especially, some of them. One doesn't chatter and dance in a great cathedral, and war and what war means is ever so much greater than even the most wonderful building that William of Wykeham and the rest of them ever designed:—

(Continued on page 454)



"Food economising"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 453)

They march by field and city,
By every road and way,
A march which angels pity,
And none may stop or stay
Till the last head is rested
On the last crimson clay!
So they go marching on.

* *

OF course, I know the men "out there" don't want us or anything to alter at all. One of them writes to say that he must tell me how entirely he agrees with me on the subject: "You're *just* what we all want, sympathetic, dear, frilly little creatures who give out such a comforting feeling of the proximity of silk after the patched skirts and wooden clogs of blighted Belgium. And you're right about us, too. We don't change much except that we aren't so fussy as we used to be, and have no petty worries—in fact, we don't care a damn if it snows. Good luck to you, my Blanche. We like you because you're oh! so human."

* *

AND as I know I'll be hauled over the coals for being "too serious" and "a little sad about the war, eh, Blanche?" and all that sort of thing because of this letter, I'll quote you another just received, which accuses me of touching big things too lightly, and, incidentally, refers to *the* topic of the moment—the great War Food Question.

* *

"IT always seems to me," writes this critic, "that you deal so very lightly with the real duties at this time of those who stay at home. But your letters have so much influence that I think a hint of yours might even reach where no one else could—I mean as far as those silly butterfly girls who, not paying for their own luxuries, are inclined only to laugh at those who preach economy, especially in things like restaurants and chocolates and liqueurs and dress."

* *

AND so, to gather together the threads, "will you," he says in effect:

"Ask these little bits of fluff
If this is *quite* the time to stuff?

and try and impress upon them the very urgent need for economy in food, etc., etc., etc." I hereby do it, but not, I fear, with any hope that I'll be heard. The chocolate-stuffing female is really and truly beyond my ken, outside my little sphere, even in peace-time. In war-time I doubt if, on the whole, she much matters, and, anyway, it's man's business if she's really a public nuisance. Of course, I personally should conscript her. On the land there aren't any young men handing round bon-bons.

"We don't care a damn if it snows"

BUT this newest war weapon, the food one, that we're going to beat the Germans with—it really is one that women can handle, isn't it? Let's give up all our luxuries—how *awfully* nice to be let do something that'll really and truly help to put him down and out, the horrid Hun. Getting to that war-work these winter mornings we'll have wet feet I know, now and then; but you try trench feet. They are *much* worse. And it'll do a lot of us a lot of good to stay at home and knit or read instead of gadding daily. Knitting's *ideal* for the nerves, and a course of brain-food won't come amiss either. People don't read half enough in England now, not of the stuff that endures, anyway.

* *

AND *really* nicer, you know, within doors these winter days and nights than scrambling into 'buses and tubes to get to places—for scarcer and scarcer grows the taxi-man as the nights get darker and darker. Fortunately, we *may* wrap up this winter. The fashion that bade us bare our throats to every horrid breeze that blew is now no more, thank goodness, and she's the goods who's muffled to the nose, though below the knees her skirts are still short enough to give a modest grandmother the meagrims.

* *

APROPOS, war economy's not exactly *rampant* at the very last thing in war-revues, and they say the salaries . . . but perhaps I'd better draw a veil. In the stalls there's an amazing variety—to dress or not to dress is also one of the questions of the moment. In Mayfair December opens with an infinitude of charity fairs and fêtes and matinées—at the moment a regular rash of tableaux has broken out all over us.

* *

SARGENT and Whistler are to be living-pictured in an All-American show next week, and the Italian Red Cross has all the best "beauts" posturing for it as *Objets d'Art Vivants* at the Savoy on Monday next. And we're fairly cheery, too, about the war—in Flanders, anyway. There are those who consider the Germans there really and truly "set" at last, though as one who's gone

To hazards whence no tears can win us

wrote for his last words, "There is still need for every man in the country to come and take his dose, and stop one or not as the Fates decree."

* *

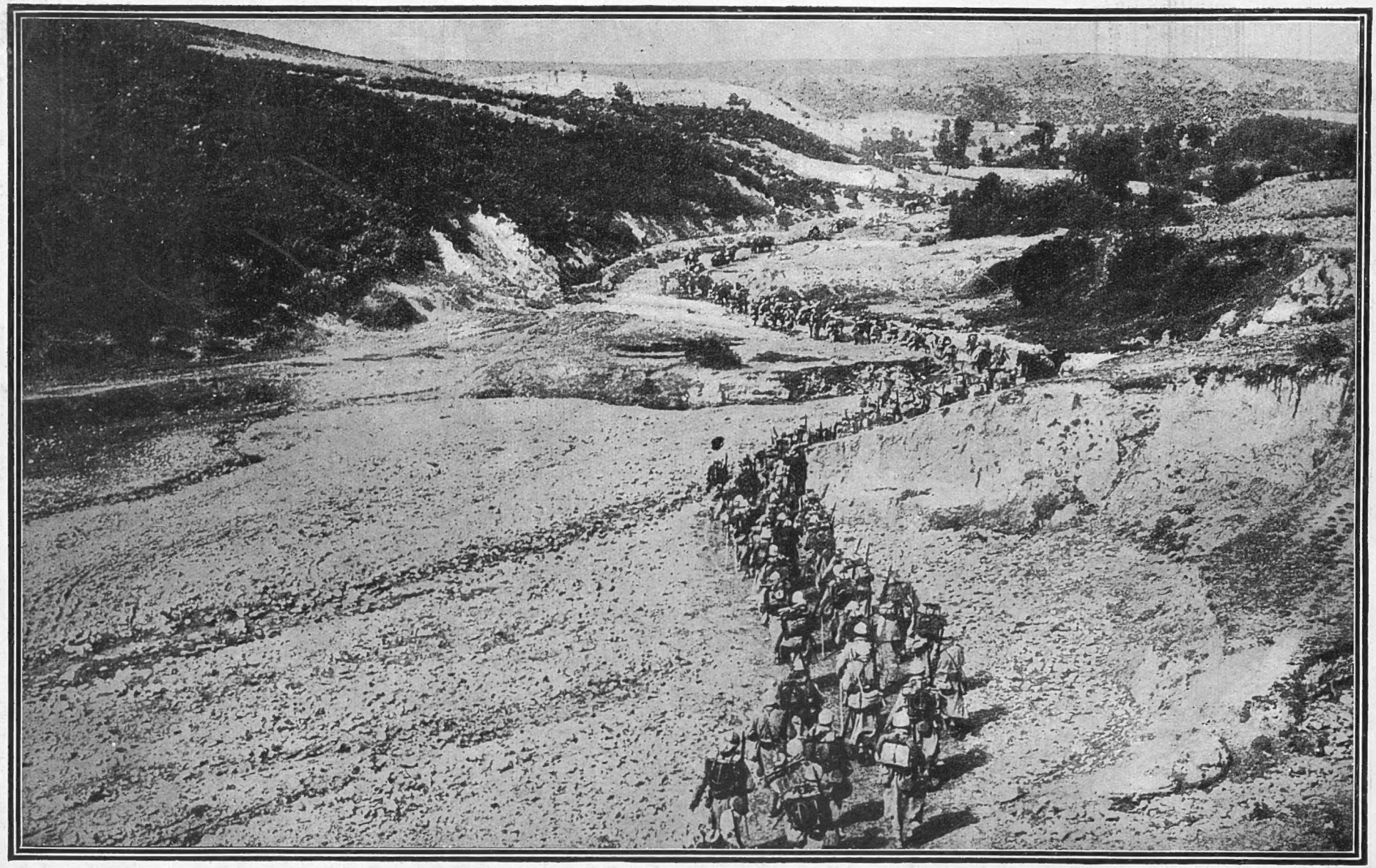
AND for every woman, too, anyway to "take her dose," don't you think?

With love, yours ever,
BLANCHE

More Horrors of Peace

THE EFFECTS OF ARMY TRAINING ON THE AFTER-WAR ACTOR-RECITER

Back to Monastir Again!



This French official photograph well shows the country through which the French and Serbians marched last week in their successful attempt to drive the Bulgarian occupiers out of Monastir—the chief city of Southern Macedonia, which has been in the hands of the enemy for almost a year

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

AUSTRIA'S NEW EMPEROR

Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, who succeeds to the unhappy and dubitable throne of the Habsburgs in succession to the oldest reigning monarch in Europe, Francis Joseph, who died last week

WHEN TURKEY IS FINISHED

It was not many weeks ago that I met a friend back on ten days' leave from Palestine, or some of those Biblical parts. As far as I could gather, not having a map with me, his regiment is operating under the shadow of Mount Sinai. So I inquired about Arabia, the country which has just declared its independence of Turkish rule. It appears that the Arabians will not allow any Europeans to go into their country to assist them in the fighting; but they are well supplied by England with rifles and such munitions as they need for the guerilla warfare which continues, and will probably continue indefinitely, on all the Arabian frontiers where the Turks are. The Arabians are very pleased with themselves at having taken Mecca, and the British soldiers guarding her south-eastern frontiers are on excellent terms with the Sherif of Jeddah. The one way British troops can help the Arabians is to keep the Turks, who are reinforcing in the south, from embarrassing Arabia on too many fronts.

All this works in with the schemes I was told of just before I left Russia late this summer. If we could only tidy up the Near Eastern campaign, press hard on the Turks, who only need confidence in the *Entente* victory to break loose from their now unnatural alliances, and get rid of Enver Bey and a few Young Turks. Then they will say, probably to England: "We've proved ourselves to be good, clean fighters, we've recognised the white flag and the Red Cross, now deal with us as you will." Then possibly money will be given them to build a new capital back in Asia Minor—Smyrna, or whatever town they like. And what a relief to all the *Entente* countries that would be! Turkey, the enemies in Mesopotamia and Palestine, waiting for peace to be finally dealt with; the Russians relieved of their trying Caucasus fighting; the Dardanelles opened; Constantinople a base as well as Salonica. Then all our energies might be directed to finishing Austria-Hungary. Bulgaria could not last long were Turkey finished.

Now the great hope of Russia is to have the Dardanelles opened, and then she can fight indefinitely. Russia has the men—about seventeen millions of them in uniform; but the depreciation of the rouble, because of Russia's isolated position, is a serious factor to be dealt with in that country. People here just now are saying: "Why doesn't Russia hurry up and help Rumania?" Who is helping Rumania if Russia isn't? It's this shilly-shallying with Greece by all the rest of us that is a scandal. An important Swede, living in Russia, asked me: "Why does England delay about Greece? No country in the world could blame England now, whatever course she should take, if only it is a strenuous enough one, with that renegade country. England is too forbearing, and her present inactivity is hard to understand." And this was said some months ago; yet we still are waiting and letting Rumania get terribly hurt. And patient Russia is still hoping for relief.

GERMANY'S CHIEF PRESS CENSOR—VON HAMMANN

Herr Hammann has not, like his Scriptural namesake in the Book of Esther, been hanged, but the latest we heard about him was that he had at last been retired from the office of Chief of the Berlin Press Bureau. He has been, in that capacity, a veritable Hindenburg of lies. Will his successor beat him?

In Russian military circles it is thought that, although both themselves and the Allies on the western front will continue their pressure, that is not the way Germany will be entered. As I've already said, they want the south-eastern campaign finished up. Then, with Constantinople and Salonica as bases, the fighting will be in finishing Austria-Hungary. In Germany they say that is impossible because from our bases to Austria-Hungary is a far cry. They will leave no railways. So all transporting must be done by motors. Yes!

(*Continued on page 458*)

THE WORLD WAR THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES (concluded from page 457)

but now we have Rumania, and unless we criminally let her go there is a direct road through her country to Galicia—a tremendous consideration on our side. And the north to south railways in Rumania are excellent. Then, if the Allies can come up in a body through Bulgaria and Serbia, and South of Verdun the French and British swing round to join the southern armies, Germany can be entered *viâ* Austria-Hungary.

⁂

If such a dream could come true, what a relief it would be to the *Entente* armies in France. As the southern pressure continued Germany could not leave her forces in France and Belgium. They would have to retire to the Rhine, and on the Russian side they would also withdraw to about Posen and those fortresses on a line with that great one; and even banking on those sure defences there would be no hope for them, because there is not *one* fortress between Germany and Austria-Hungary. This scheme, the Russians told me, would take quite a year to accomplish, but with the minimum loss of life. And isn't one year better than the present outlook which seems to be in a healthy condition for three or four more years at least?

⁂

So many people regret that the Turks will no longer occupy Constantinople. Yet why shouldn't they as much as they do now? The commercial people of Constantinople are Greeks, and they have certain municipal rights in the Turkish capital. Greeks in Paris told me early in the war: "If the Russians get Constantinople we will leave it entirely." Dreadful threat! And they have a tradition that when a Constantine and a Sophie reign in Greece Constantinople will again be theirs. Now it is not the city that Russia wants, for in this modern warfare with mines Constantinople is of no more use to the Turks than to their enemies. They cannot get out nor we in. It is simply a peace-time capital. It is the straits that Russia wants. The Russians are a superstitiously religious people, and the worship of Islam in St. Sophia, once a Christian Cathedral, worries them.

⁂

When the Russians are indolent as well as the Turks; and although they have been fighting against each other for centuries, yet the Russians, as every other soldier who has come up against them, admire the Turks' methods in warfare. Surely Russians would be better in Constantinople than Greeks? And they would get on much better together. The Russians are not keen, either, about governing Constantinople. They have not too much confidence in their own system up to date. Constantinople will probably be Russian, but not because they will clamour for it. The Turks would then establish a religious capital back in Asia Minor, and the majority of them would continue to live in Constantinople as heretofore. The old fightings would cease. Two picturesque peoples in a picturesque city; and the Greeks will have to return to their own country, there to exploit each other.

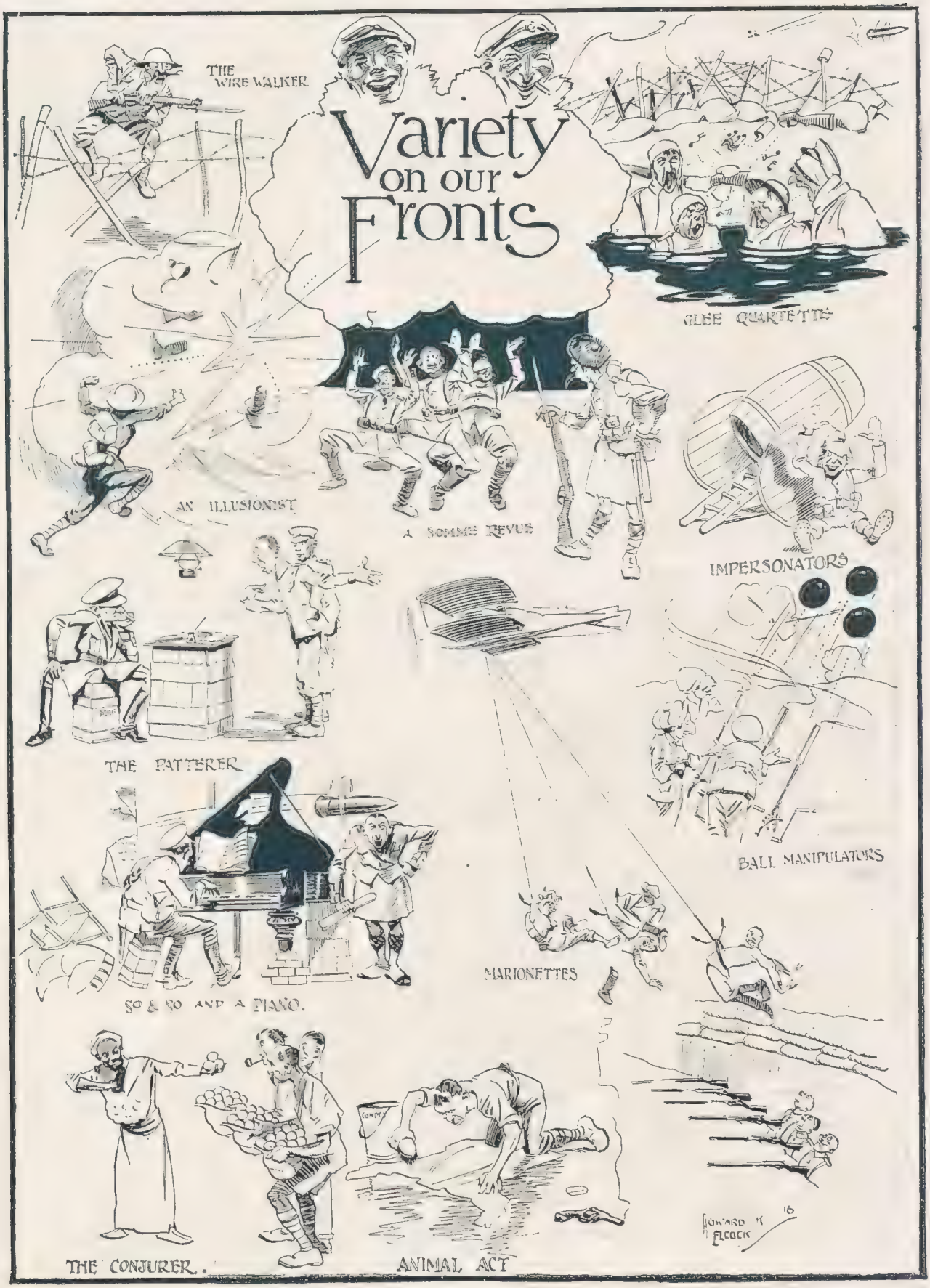
Rosamond Boultbee

Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau

HALE AND HEARTY

After his long sojourn in Canada, the Duke of Connaught has recently inspected the Guards; and he is here seen calling for "Three cheers for the King!"

The War—as it Should be Staged



Mr. Elcock's pictures humorously transfer the main features of a variety theatre show to a stage not usually suggestive of laughter, but which furnishes, in fact, occasional incidents not so very far removed from our artist's flights of fancy

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE WAR

My Dear Bystander—

It may seem incredible to you that any man born of a woman finding himself in a condition of extreme humidity, stiff with cold and smothered in Flanders mud, should even hesitate if offered the opportunity of a nice hot bath. And yet this astonishing thing has happened.

And the saddest feature of the case is that until last Friday never was a man more ready for a bath when he could get it than Private Paul Grimbeau, *cuistot* of the ——ième d'infanterie; but the great world-war has clearly shown him the folly of his ways.

* *

It was in the gloaming of Friday evening last that the keen observer might have detected a dim form squatting in a utensil which once embellished a neighbouring gasworks, now filled to the brim with beautiful steaming water. And as Private Grimbeau lay back luxuriously in the grateful element, sunk in that restful semi-comatose condition approaching Nirvana, when one can forgive almost everybody—even one's own relations—a great confusion impinged with offensive suddenness upon his hearing.

"*Aux armes! Aux armes!*" went up the cry. "*Tout le monde aux créneaux!*"

* *

The next thing Private Grimbeau remembered was that he was lying on his front teeth in the mud with the sharp edge of the gasworks caressing him in the small of the back what time a swarm of cursing soldiery, clutching a rifle in one hand and fumbling with their tunic with the other, burst out of the *gourbi* behind him, and, trampling over his prostrate form, disappeared down the *boyau* like a flash.

Gripped by the first primeval instinct of self-preservation, the only thought in Private Grimbeau's head was to get hold of a rifle instanter; and without waiting for as much as his boots, he, also, made off down the *boyau*, a whimsical picture of dripping nudity.

As luck would have it, not thirty yards away in the darkness crouched Private Gobbier, a young fellow with a chest like a barrel, very impulsive and awfully keen to distinguish himself.

* *

The uncanny figure of Private Grimbeau's glistening manhood advancing swiftly through the darkness in ghostly silence had a most stimulating effect upon Private Gobbier. A wonderful exaltation suffused his frame. A Boche—right here in front of him—come to surrender—a treacherous beast for certain.

Crouching like a hungry panther, he waited until the enemy was right upon him, then, dropping his rifle, in a single bound he was at his adversary's throat, and with one hefty effort hurled him to the ground with a squelch.

Then, jumping heavily upon his spinal cord, he seized his prey by the throat again, hit him hard behind the ear with his disengaged hand, and throttled away like anything.

"*Cochon!*" he hissed, "*si tu bouges, t'es mort! T'entends sale Boche? un geste et toi kapout! Qu'as tu fait avec l'uniforme français, sale espion, hein?*"

But the only answer was a hollow groan; Private Grimbeau was feeling anything but well.

* *

As soon as Private Gobbier had satisfied himself that all frightfulness had departed from his victim he hoisted the mud-stained bundle on his shoulder and set off in triumph for the *État Major du bataillon*.

Congratulations poured upon him as he passed. "*Veinard! Ça t'vaudra une perm' du colon'! Dame, c'est épatant, ça, mon vieux!*" . . . Everybody was awfully nice.

The *commandant* was very interested; a prisoner had been wanted for a long time past, and things were pretty quiet in this section.

"*Tout nu, eh? un espion sans aucun doute. Je vous félicite, mon brave,*" he said, shaking the young Hercules warmly by the hand, "and tell me how you managed it."

"*C'était bien dûr, mon commandant.* For over two minutes we fought together like tigers. Twice the *cochon* had me on my back, but I was just too quick for him, and landed him *le knock-out.*"

"*C'est le knock-out, en effet,*" smiled the *commandant*, peering at the human wreckage half-covered with a blanket, "he looks more dead than alive, poor devil. *Donnez lui un peu de gniole!*" So they administered rum unto Private Grimbeau, and beneath the softening influence of the grateful liquor signs of vitality became manifest.

One long pull and an eyelid flickered; another pull and the whole body heaved; a third long ingurgitation and Private Grimbeau sat slowly up on his haunches and opened his mouth for speech. . . .

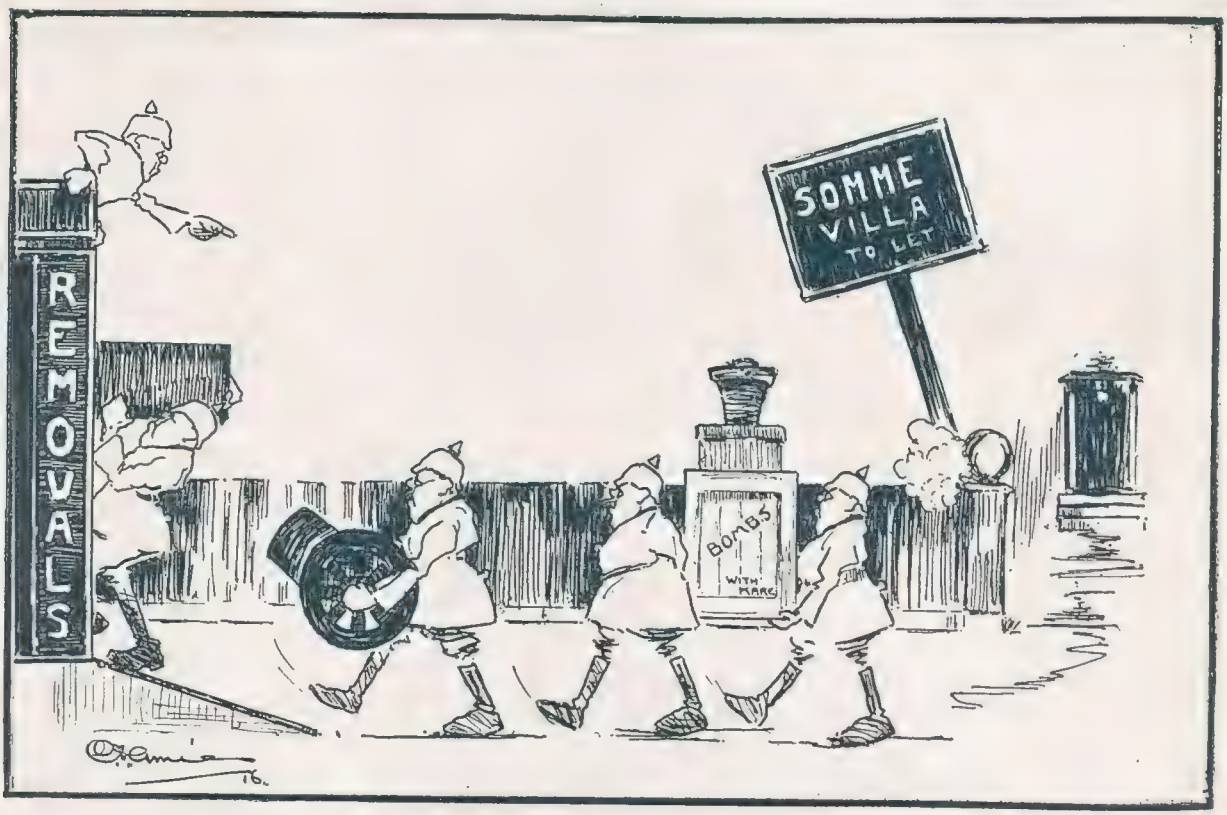
Yours ever, Jack Johnson

"DO I HEAR ANYONE SAY A COMPLAINT? EH?"

Flanders Nights' Entertainments

Captain Bairnsfather, who is at present somewhere in France, sends us the above amusing take-off of his colleague Mr. Norman Morrow, our theatrical artist

"Second Thoughts"



QUARTER DAY ON THE SOMME

OFFICER TO TOMMY (*up for overstaying leave*): "But that's quite a different story from the one you told the Sergeant last night!"

TOMMY: "Yessir; I thought of a better one this morning!"

The Bystander in Paris

WAGRAM 15-31

PIERRE VALDAGNE, the writer, told the story.

"It was Nurse Yvonne herself who answered the telephone. She had been very busy all the morning in the big ward of the hospital, which used to be a fashionable restaurant. There had been several serious operations that day, dressings had been long and laborious, but all was quiet now, and Nurse Yvonne was very tired. In the large airy ward, which in the days before the war had seen so many merry-makings, the men lay quietly in their little white beds, suffering or resting after their sufferings in that cheerful silence which is so remarkable an attribute of the wounded in this war.

"THE only one whose voice was heard at all was the young Zouave in the corner, who had lost his leg that morning. The poor boy—he was little more than a child—was weeping quietly, and the man in the next bed, himself badly wounded, was trying to console him. Although in pain himself, he managed to reach out a hand like a claw, with a cigarette in it, to his comrade. '*Merci, mon vieux!*' groaned the Zouave. '*Merci!*' He played with the cigarette, took it between his lips, dropped it, gave it up, and sighed: 'But I don't think I care to smoke it after all,' he said. Nurse Yvonne had seen the cigarette drop, picked it up, and placed it with a box of matches within the man's reach, giving him a motherly pat on the cheek, and was hurrying down to the ground-floor to superintend the arrival of medical and surgical stores when she heard the telephone-bell, and ran upstairs again. 'Hallo! yes, hallo!' she said, raising the instrument. 'Hallo! yes. This is Wagram 15-31——. What's that you say? What? I don't understand! Monsieur ——? Spell it, please. A-n-t, Barricant. Yes. Will you, please, wait a minute?'

"SHE covered the instrument with her hand, and stood for a moment lost in thought. Then a faint flush rose to her pale cheek, and she stamped her foot, murmuring: 'It is positively unheard of—unheard of!' A murmur came over the wire again, and Nurse Yvonne replied impatiently, 'One moment!' Then she appeared to take a determination, and spoke over the telephone again. 'Very well! It is understood. Four people. Very good. A table in the corner. Certainly. At eight o'clock or a few minutes later. *Très bien.* And——I beg your pardon? Two ladies. You would like flowers on the table. *C'est entendu, Monsieur.*' And she rang off. 'Scandalous!' said Nurse Yvonne to herself. 'Scandalous! But I will teach them a lesson.'

"'And—I beg your pardon? Two ladies—you would like flowers on the table. C'est entendu, Monsieur!'"

"'I am not angry with you, at any rate,' she said"

"THERE was a queer little light in the Superintendent's eye all day as she went about her duties. Even the patients noticed it. Nurse Yvonne, who, young though she was, treated her patients like a mother treats her children, was almost brusque with them to-day. One of the men asked her whether she had had bad news. 'No, no!' she said, laughing, 'no bad news.' 'Has somebody done something to offend you, then?' said the man. 'Why? Do I look angry?' said the Nurse, smoothing his pillow. 'You look—you look as if you were going to punish somebody,' he answered. She laughed again. 'I am not angry with *you*, at any rate,' she said, and gave him a little lemonade to drink. 'Try and go to sleep.' And she flitted away.

(Continued on page 464)

"THE stores were put away, and Nurse Yvonne went off for the hour's exercise in

"'Something is going to happen at eight o'clock this evening,' she said"

the Bois on which the Doctor always insisted. The Doctor met her as she was going out. 'Whatever is the matter with you to-day, Nurse Yvonne?' he asked. 'You look bent on conquest.' 'Perhaps I am, Doctor,' she said. 'Has anything happened?' asked the Doctor. 'Something is going to happen at eight o'clock this evening, or very soon afterwards,' she replied. 'Something which, I think, will interest you, Monsieur le Major, if you are here at that time.' 'I shall be here,' the Doctor said. 'I am not going to leave the hospital at all to-day.' 'I shall see you at eight o'clock, then,' said Nurse Yvonne. 'I shall be on duty again at six.' And she went out for her walk.

"HOSPITAL hours are early, and the patients had had their last meal of the day, had been washed, and were settled as comfortably as possible for the night, well before eight o'clock. By then most of the lights in the ward had been turned off with the exception of the little reading lamps on the tables of the night nurses at either end, the green shades of which were lowered so that the light should not shine into the eyes of the patients in the beds. The Doctor and Nurse Yvonne left the bedside of the man whose arm was paining him, and strolled slowly down the stairs to the great hall. 'Well, Nurse Yvonne,' said the Doctor, 'and what is this mysterious happening which is to take place at eight o'clock?' He glanced at his wrist watch. 'Why, what's that?' he said suddenly, for as he had spoken they both heard the hoot of a motor and the crunching of wheels as a big car swept up the drive. 'It can't be the Inspector-General at this hour,' said the Doctor. 'Besides, it is not his car.' And he peered out into the darkness. 'It is not the Inspector-General,' said Nurse Yvonne; 'you will see what it is, in a moment.'

"TWO men and two ladies got out of the big motor-car and came up the steps. They appeared surprised. 'But,' said the younger man, advancing, 'there must be some mistake. I—I telephoned.' 'Monsieur Barricant?' said Nurse Yvonne. 'You ought to have inquired,' said one of the ladies, drawing her fur wraps round her and shivering a little, 'surely you knew——.' The other woman shuddered. 'The smell of disinfectants always makes me so ill,' she murmured, and retreated incontinently down the steps to the car. Nurse Yvonne took no notice of her at all, but turned to the two men and the other woman. 'Please come in,' she said. 'But——,' Monsieur Barricant began. 'Please follow me,' said Nurse Yvonne, and led the way upstairs, while the Doctor, smiling to himself, brought up the rear of the procession. They stopped on the threshold of the darkened ward, and stood for a moment listening to the subdued noises—the little half-stifled groans and sobs of sleeping men in pain. The woman in her jewels and rich furs began to cry. Nurse Yvonne, silent still, led the way downstairs again. In the hall she turned and faced her visitors, and the little woman in her anger seemed to have grown in inches. 'It has been a hospital for over a year now,' she said, 'and the war still continues.' She turned to leave them, but the older man, who had not spoken until then, stepped forward. 'It was unpardonable,' he said, 'but we did not know. Will you accept this trifle for your patients?' Nurse Yvonne took the banknote and bowed in silence. Then she turned and ran upstairs again. The others hurried down into the waiting car and off into the darkness."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"'But,' said the younger man, advancing, 'there must be some mistake. I—I telephoned'"

Business After the War

What the ex-soldier managing director may do to insure himself from tiresome callers after the war

"Musical Chairs": A Little

FROM RECENT HAPPENINGS OUR ARTIST CONCLUDES

le Party at Downing Street

THAT THEY SPEND THEIR TIME IN SWOPPING SEATS

The Actressocrats

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOCIETY AMATEUR

ENGLAND has always been *the* country of amateur theatricals. Every provincial town boasts a collection of amateurs who once or twice in the year perform some play or other—usually one that has just disappeared from London after a run of about five hundred nights—quite unsuited to amateurish characteristics. There are regular amateur theatrical societies in London for those who take their talents very seriously. At the Universities amateur acting is traditionally linked with social distinction. Everywhere, in short, the amateur actor or actress is (or, perhaps, I should say was) considered something more than a casual ornament of Society.

SINCE the war, however, we have progressed a good deal. The amateur actor has, of necessity, disappeared; he is proving his versatility in every conceivable shade of khaki; but the amateur actress is having the time of her life. True, she has very little chance nowadays if she has not a title or is not what used to be called a "professional beauty." If, however, she is fortunate enough to possess either of these qualifications—mere talent for acting is of practically no account whatever—there lie before her possibilities so dazzling as almost to be incredible.

NOT only can she appear on the stage of a regular theatre on the average once a week, but she can take part in performances with all the best-known professionals of the day. Moreover, these professionals are not just the comparatively dull dogs of the legitimate drama; they are the most alluring fairies of musical comedy and music-hall, the latest champion ragtime-mongers from New York, the reddest-nosed of popular comedians. What is more, they will be billed beforehand in the newspapers like real stars. Almost any day you can read something like this: "GRAND MATINÉE in aid of BLANK. The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly offered to assist: Miss Kitty Cheshire, the Duchess of Roquefort, Mr. Charlie Cheddar, the Hon. Mrs. Wensleydale, Mlle. Gaby de Brie, Lady St. Ivel, AND Mr. Sam Stilton."

EVEN if they are not billed by name in this manner (which shows so prettily the affectionate intimacy that now exists between the stage and Society), thus obliterating any social difference that old-fashioned people might have been inclined to emphasise, they still can bask in the reflected glory of some popular star. Thus, for instance: "Mr. Sol Limburger, the celebrated Yankee tough, will sing his well-known song, 'My Board-Walk Baby,' assisted by twenty-five Society beauties." And that is not all. If everything else fails, certain illustrated papers may be trusted to come up to the scratch and print pictures of these socially distinguished ladies rehearsing with or being taught by ornaments of the lyric stage sufficiently notorious to have become interesting.

IN short, we have discovered in England a new type: the Amateur Actressocrat, and she looms very large indeed on the social horizon just now. Moreover, she is our very own. No other country can, so far as I know, show her like. French ladies, I believe, sometimes appear on the public or semi-public stage, but when they do they keep themselves to themselves. So do American ladies. The ideas of the average Britisher about the social conventions of the States are, in the main, nothing but illusions. It is easier to buy your way into Society in London than in New York, and the social boundaries are beaten more vigorously in Boston and Philadelphia than anywhere in England outside county circles.

DECIDEDLY the Actressocrat is a typical product of contemporary London life and manners. She exists for two reasons, and only two. First because the suburbs—and a good many other places, too—are so snobbish that they will pay through the nose to see a duchess in the flesh or buy a programme from a lady of title, and thus the Actressocrat is able to raise a lot of money for charities. Secondly, because of the extraordinary fascination that the stage seems to have for a certain section of London Society. Even painters, who are, as a rule, both presentable and successful socially, cannot compete with popular actors and actresses, while musicians and literary people are simply nowhere. I do not pretend to understand this. I only know that it is so, and that every foreigner who comes to London is amazed at it. To get angry is quite unnecessary; acting is admittedly the least of the arts, and to begrudge the exponent of it his or her ephemeral success is rather stupid. Much better smile and think of something more important.

BUT I have sometimes wondered what the Aristocrat really thinks of the Actressocrat. After all, the much-advertised activities of the latter are very far from beneficial to the former. Stupid people, who judge Society by the papers, are very likely to muddle them up. And it will be a very black day for the British Aristocracy—or what remains of it after the war—if the public really comes to judge it by the habits of the Actressocracy. Personally, the Actressocrat is more often than not a very charming and delightful lady, of irreproachable morals and refined tastes, but in the bulk, so to speak, she does not give quite that impression to the masses. Nor is it entirely fair to blame the masses for mere prejudice and stupidity. Mlle. Gaby de Brie of the Imperial and Mr. Sam Stilton of the Frivolity may be all very well in their way, but that way is not the way the British (or any other) public associates with ladies of the upper classes. No, not even if it be only a question of a few amateur performances in aid of the most deserving of causes.

BYSTANDER ABOUT TOWN

France's Most Delightful "Diseuse"

Photograph *Langdon Coburn*

MLLE. RAYMONDE COLLIGNON

A native of Touraine, the garden of France and a district lavish of legend and song, has devoted the last year or two of her life to the collection of these country ballads and songs, and is to present them to an English audience at the Æolian Hall, at a Matinée, on December 6. Her style is entirely her own, and the novelty of her programme will be of the greatest interest to lovers of old songs and folk-lore

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Widow's Might" at the Haymarket

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE trouble is started by Mabel. She is the young and impressionable wife of Mr. Joseph Tollinder, a middle-aged gentleman of no very great intelligence. The two are guests at the country house of Mr. and Mrs. Maynford, who hear the first signs of the storm as they sit in their drawing-room. From the room overhead come sounds of the breaking of perishable furniture; and shortly after that Mr. Tollinder appears and admits that he is the sole and responsible author of the uproar. It appears that Mabel, his wife, has not only lost her heart but her head as well to a Major Heathcote; and while we are anxious to make every possible concession to the military in these stirring times, a husband still counts for something. Mr. Tollinder treats us to the story of his adventure with a rather unnecessary precision. Having his suspicions of a guilty intrigue, he took advantage of his wife's absence in the bathroom to search her boudoir. And there he found a compromising letter which at once started him on the rampage. At the same time, it seems to me that if a man must quarrel with his wife in a way that can only be satisfied by the immediate destruction of the ornaments on the mantelpiece I really think he ought to confine such explosions to his own home and property.

HAVING told his simple story Mr. Tollinder explains that he is leaving for town at once. His wife will remain behind, whether apparently she be still a welcome guest or not. Further, he announces that he will give her just one week in which to explain away the compromising document. This is a really generous allowance of time, as it gives the lady plenty of opportunity to talk the matter over with her friends and decide upon the kind of untruth which is most likely to pass unchallenged. At this stage of the proceedings Lady Deborah Carstairs takes charge of the affair. She is a practical woman of the world and a widow besides; and that is a rather formidable combination. Also, she has an income of "five thousand a year from the Funds," though if she is taxed at the source like other people, it can be only three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds at the present rate. Still, "five thousand a year" sounds well; and, after all, a play is only romance. Lady Deborah's idea is that Mr. Tollinder must be convinced of his wife's innocence by the simple fact of making the gallant Major fall in love with somebody else. And as she is the only eligible lady of the house-party she magnanimously agrees to sacrifice herself in the good cause. As it happens, she met Major Heathcote once in India, so that she is already a sort of acquaintance of his. Besides which it transpires that the Major is not at all in love with Mabel. It is she who has magnified a passing flirtation into an eternal affinity of two adventurous souls; and he doesn't mind admitting that the dear girl bores him to death with the ever-ready tears with which she waters the delicate flower of her misplaced affection. The Major, therefore, falls an easy prey to the designing widow, and to show that he is not marrying her merely for the five thousand a year he is able to refer to a very wealthy uncle on his last legs, whose fortune he will inherit in the ordinary course of nature.

DURING his week of grass-widowerhood Mr. Tollinder is rather fascinated by a lady named Rebecca Gluckstein, who is in the crystal-gazing industry. Miss Nancy Price makes quite a great character of this amusing lady. She speaks English with an East End accent, and is not always sure of her grammar, but she knows she enjoys the confidence of controlling spooks of distinction, and she has no doubt of her ability to read the future accurately for you at a guinea a time. Miss Price's rendering of this part is a notable one. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is quite brilliantly successful as Lady Deborah. She is equal to every emergency, and gives quality throughout to a character that would otherwise be merely commonplace. Another clear success is that of Miss Athene Seyler. There is a good deal of bright dialogue; but in spite of its admirable acting the play seems to me to be a little thin for the robust times in which we live. JINGLE

Miss Jeffreys at Her Best

Messrs. Huskinson and Sandeman's light comedy at the Haymarket is certainly "light," but it also possesses sufficient comedy to keep the house laughing all the time, and provides two excellent character studies played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Nancy Price.

BELLICOSITIES

"GIVE the Fatherland," tearfully pleads the *Cologne Gazette*, "what belongs to the Fatherland." But the Allies mean to be more generous than that. They are going to give the Fatherland what the Fatherland deserves.

"PRESIDENT WILSON'S patience is well-nigh exhausted," and the Huns had better take note of the fact. If they continue their marine frightfulness during the next four years they may run the risk of getting quite a peremptory Note from him before he finally leaves office.

IT must be a moderately enthusiastic patron of the Harmsworth Press who suggests to us that the burden of the extra daily halfpenny on the *Times* can best be nullified by the simple expedient of giving up the *Daily Mail*.

THE Food Controller is to be urged to make the sale of bread over the counter compulsory, so as to release for military service the bakers' vanmen. These, it is said, are patriotically opposed to any further loafing about, when they might be in the van of the fight against their country's enemies.

FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY as the present teashop price of a boiled egg no doubt seems a trifle "steep." But how can the poor catering firms help it, when one of the largest of them has just exposed the dire severity of its war-straits by declaring an interim dividend of only 20 per cent.?

RATEPAYERS in coast towns where the streets are kept in total darkness are still being made to pay for public lighting. They naturally protest that when the supply of electricity has been cut off it cannot fairly be regarded as a current expense.

HERR KARL WIEGAND says that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is the cleverest ruler in Europe. H'm yes! But as Kingsley very aptly put it, "Touch wood, old dear, and let who will be clever!"

AS an instance of the Coburger's wit, Karl makes public Ferdie's latest riddle. "Peace, peace, we all want it, but when and where?" If Karl had been half as sharp as he thinks he is, he would have replied: "To-morrow! In the neck!"

THE new Rake's Progress. Mr. Runciman on food. The Public on toast.

MR. CHURCHILL says that in war what is obvious is almost always obsolete. That's the worst of these politicians. Always thinking of themselves!

THE ban upon the importation of silk stockings having been removed, the cotton hosiery trade is said to be up in arms. It is also, we gather, down in legs.

AN appellant before one of the tribunals referred to a fellow-workman, aged forty-two, as an old man. Of course, a man is as old as he feels; but the man of forty-two feels horribly young whenever he catches the Government's eye.

"FATIGUE"

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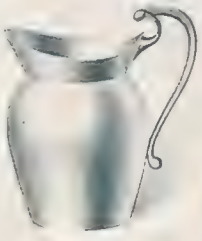
Plain Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, Concave to take Miniature, **£4 10 0**



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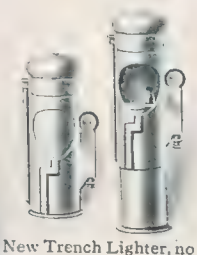

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MAPPIN & WEBB LTD

The Bystander in Stockholm

HUNTING FOR SEPARATE PEACE

THE Bystander in Sweden writes this from the scene of the great Russo-German "Separate Peace" negotiations. The scene is Haparanda. Haparanda lies (most infernally) on the Russo-Swedish frontier twenty odd miles from the Arctic Circle. The Tornea river and an inlet sever it from Russia. When it is summer—which it never is—you cross the inlet by a foot-bridge and the river by ferry-boat. In winter you sledge. Russia and Sweden are always talking about building a railway bridge and linking up their railways; and when Haparanda is not describing the separate peace it is thinking about the railway bridge.

IN Haparanda a Russo-German separate peace is signed at least once a week. This is a distinction, as Haparanda consists only of 500 very white one-storied houses and a brick Town Hotel, owned by the Swedish State—the *Stadshotellet*. In late October there are two feet of snow outside the hotel.

IN spite of Haparanda's renown for Russo-German Pacifism, the Bystander in Sweden came there with trepidation, because shooting goes on daily and nightly at smugglers and spies. Smugglers don white shirts, paint their boots white, and, thus made invisible, rush across the snow-covered river ice at night. Just now it is night nearly all day.

AMAZING in Haparanda are the abundance of civilised people in town overcoats and bowler hats, entirely out of place among Lapps, Finns, and dwarf firs. These are Haparanda's new war-population, 100 of them Germans, 100 Russian Jews. They are engaged in *Geschäft*, possibly in espionage, and certainly—so Haparanda vows—in signing separate peaces. Haparanda looks on them with respect and awe; and solemnly assures you that little Schmul Isaacson, whom you last saw selling neckties in Odessa, is "Russia's chief negotiator."

GREATEST authority on separate peace negotiations is a Swede, Mr. Sven Bergström, who represents the Finnish Transport Company. He is at open war with another Swede, Mr. Ekholm, also a transport agent, whom Haparanda hates because he laughs at the separate peace yarns. Having read (in the *Sundsvall News*) that "Russo-German peace negotiators are again working in Haparanda," the Bystander in Sweden called on Mr. Bergström. He said diplomatically:

"Of course, they may lead to nothing. . . ."

"Yes, but are there negotiations?"

"I did not spread the report. As you are staying in the Town Hotel you can see for yourself. . . ."

THE Bystander in Sweden watched. At 10 a.m. into the Town Hotel came three distinguished-looking Russians, followed by a young man with a vast portfolio. They waited in the hall. Five minutes later from rooms on the first floor came three very stout and responsible-looking fair men, also with a young man and a portfolio. Plainly Germans! The enemy parties greeted one another in French. Then they retired to a sitting-room on the second floor and did not reappear till lunch time.

THE Bystander in Sweden assailed the Town Hotel's manager. "It is true," said the manager, "that Russians are here to negotiate, but no one knows what it is about." The Bystander in Sweden waited. Again next morning at 10 a.m. came the six negotiators, greeted one another in French, and locked themselves into their workroom. The Bystander in Sweden's perturbation was great. He realised that he had a secret which would enable him to make a million on the Stock Exchange. He resolved instead patriotically to cable to Lord Grey of Falloden about Russia's perfidy. On went his fur coat.

ON the way out he collided with Mr. Ekholm, the man whom Haparanda hates for his disbelief in the separate peace.

"Now who is right?" was the Bystander in Sweden's first question

"I was."

"But they are in there. Behind that very door. If you wait till lunch-time. . . ."

Mr. Ekholm looked not the least disconcerted. A superior smile passed over his face; he took out the day-before's *Stockholms Dagblad*, and read this aloud:

"THE three Russian engineers appointed by the St. Petersburg Ministry of Communications to arrange preliminaries for the bridge-construction between Haparanda and Tornea have arrived at Haparanda. They will be met by three Swedish engineers, representatives of the Swedish Government. The negotiations over the technical problems involved, which will be held in the Town Hotel, Haparanda, are expected to last a week."

DORAKLEEN
COMPLEXION
DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD

Dorakleen Beautifying Skin Food is unique in its stimulating properties; it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-.**

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Crème Cléopâtre.—A new astringent which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues. It may be used at any time the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for face powder. Prices **3/6, 7/6,** and **15/-.**

FOR LONG EYELASHES

Apply at night the **Eyelash Cream,** and in quite a short time the lashes will have grown considerably longer and curly. Price **4/-.** In the day darken the lashes and brows with the **Fard Indienne,** and the size and beauty of the eye will be marvellously enhanced; giving the appearance of having been "put in with a smutty finger." Price **4/6.**

BAUME DU BARRI

A Balsam of great value to sportswomen and motorists, as it entirely prevents the disagreeable effects of undue exposure to extreme heat or cold on the skin of the face. A beautiful foundation for Face Powders. Price **4/6, 7/6** and **18/6.**

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A very remarkable preparation, which not only effectively whitens the skin, but takes away all appearance of oiliness or greasiness, and prevents disagreeable flushing of the nose or face. It is a boon to travellers, as it quickly cleanses the face from dust or other impurities. Prices **7/6** and **15/-.**

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A depilatory which can be trusted to quickly remove a growth of hair on the face, without any injury to the skin. Price **6/6.**

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Tones and braces the skin in a marvellous manner, is antiseptic, soothing, and cleansing. Price **3/6, 5/6** and **18/-. SPECIAL SKIN TONIC** for dry skins, or those suffering from the effects of heat or cold, **6/6** and **12/6.**

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DORAKLEEN

57, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE, W.

'PHONE—MAYFAIR 4160.

THE graceful Sheraton tradition is followed in this beautiful piece: a serviceable sideboard in mahogany with finely figured veneer, tambour cupboard, decanter drawer, silver drawer and cupboard.

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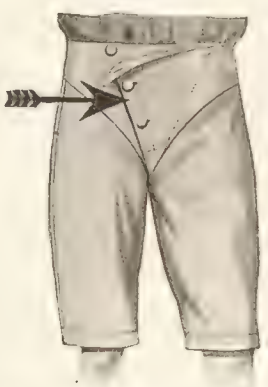
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

"For Winter in the Trenches"

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 27/6 post free.

When ordering, please give waist measurement.

Chamois Leather Jackets

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement.

PRICE { **UNLINED 30/-** / **LINED 32/6** } **Post free.**

ALSO IN CHROME LEATHER-LINED FLEECE FOR AVIATORS, £3 3 0

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 9/6 post free.

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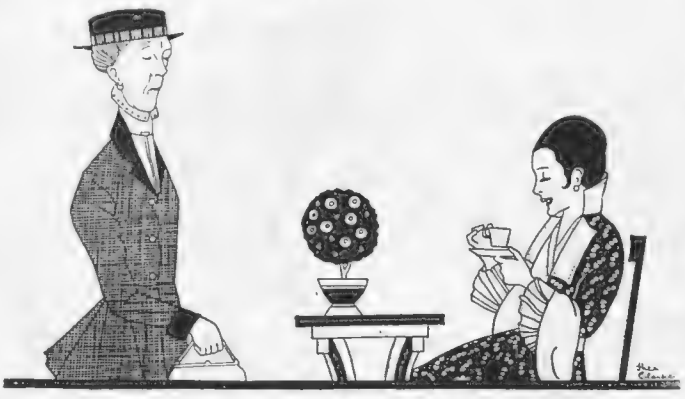
BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

Parcels—and Parcels

THERE are parcels and parcels—rather gratuitous information, you may say; but if you consider the question you will see that there is something in it. There are, I repeat, parcels *and* parcels in the same way that there are gifts and gifts. Apropos of the latter, I saw not so very long ago a notice in a shop window to the effect that useful and (note the distinction) wedding presents were on sale within. Everyone is familiar with the second category. . . . I knew of one young couple, wise in their generation, who herded their presents of the "wedding" variety in a chamber of horrors set apart for the purpose. (One can't afford to offend wealthy Aunt Eliza by disposing too promptly of her gifts. She may arrive suddenly and ask to see the vases she gave. You may say they were broken, but some accidents are just a little suspicious. . . .)



"One can't afford to offend wealthy Aunt Eliza."

The Woman's Idea

BUT to return to our subject. The ordinary woman's idea of a parcel is either the neat brand delivered by shops or else a nondescript affair: any old piece of brown paper insecurely fastened by any old piece of knotted string. Now this may be all very well in its way when it is a question of sending superfluities to a rummage sale; but such a wrapping does not add to the attractions of a birthday, Christmas, or any other present. In the latter case appearance is half the game. Of course, a rope of pearls would be equally welcome if sent in an old cigar-box rolled in newspaper, but most of us do not rise to ropes of pearls. Especially in war-time, our offerings follow more modest lines. Fortunately, the most insignificant object can be so dressed up as to afford a quite disproportionate degree of pleasure to the recipient. Economists, please take note. Besides, the giving of an unattractive-looking gift always seems to me to savour of discourtesy. It is almost as if one said: "I had to give you a present. Well, here it is, and much good may it do you."

Packing It Up

THE doing-up of a parcel gives a quite amazing scope for the expression of one's own personality as well as that of the beneficiary. One can be conventional with white paper and narrow ribbons or tinsel string, or one can be original, freakish, æsthetic, futuristic—anything at all. You can make the parcel typical of your own mood, of the occasion, or simply a pleasure to the eye. You can delight, startle, or amaze.

The Methods of the Expert

CONSIDER the possibilities in the hands of an expert. For instance, you might send to a maiden aunt a dozen handkerchiefs or a work-bag austerely wrapped in dove-coloured *crêpe* paper and tied with a plain ribbon of the same Quakerish hue, while one's dearest enemy might be favoured with something neat in black, adorned with skulls and cross-bones, cut out in white paper and pasted on. Purple and silver would give a delicate ecclesiastical flavour, if enclosing a present intended for a Bishop; while khaki with discreet touches of scarlet would do excellently for a military man, his wife, or *fiancée*. What could be more appropriate for a surgeon than red bound with white ribbon in the guise of a spiral bandage? In these days of Red Cross activities we should all be able to accomplish that much.

Another Inventive Genius

THERE is no limit to purely frivolous invention. Many of us, I daresay, thought that the possible had been achieved when we took to doing up Christmas gifts in red and white with Christmas seals, sprigs of holly and mistletoe, and what not; but, after all, that was merely a convention—there was little of real

(Continued on page 478)

"THE OUTWARDNESS OF PARCELS" (continued from page 477)

ingenuity. Contrast the cheerful dullness of such a parcel with a veritable creation, such, for instance, as silver paper covered with a snowstorm of white flecks, and tied diagonally with a wide dark-green ribbon. What could be more Christmassy and, at the same time, original?

A Study in Contrasts

If you like an Oriental note, you can obtain an endless variety of effects in purple, crimson, rich blue, green, gold, and black, in different combinations. A far cry, isn't it, from the missish affair of white tissue paper and pink or blue ribbon, so reminiscent of the book-muslin and sash of untutored innocence? There is all the difference in the world, in the matter of appearance, between a broad bow and a meagre tie of baby ribbon—the one can be striking and fantastic—anything you wish—the other simply doesn't exist.

"Japanese papers are a great resource—in fact any papers with an amusing design"

The Value of Cut Paper

Japanese papers are a great resource—in fact, any papers with an amusing design. They can be used as they are, or the patterns can be cut out and applied to any plain ground. Or, again, one can cut discs, squares, or any conventional figures from plain paper and stick them on the wrapping in odd little groups or singly, as invention suggests. Black, green, or purple on silver will produce amazingly good effects. A tall, thin parcel with a decoration of cypresses (the Noah's Ark variety) cut out of black, purple, or dark green paper pasted on an orange ground would be both striking and full of charm to the eye, likewise a flight of white and grey gulls on smoke-blue. Stripes and spots, of course, are invaluable. A parcel may be made so charming that one hesitates to open it as one would hesitate to destroy a work of art.

(Continued on page 480)

Give this Eau de Cologne at Xmas

A dainty and delightful gift—something for the personal use and enjoyment of the recipient.

Yardley's Eau de Cologne

is renowned for the fine quality of its perfume. There is no better make—none more certain to be received with pleasure

The Name is the Hallmark of Quality

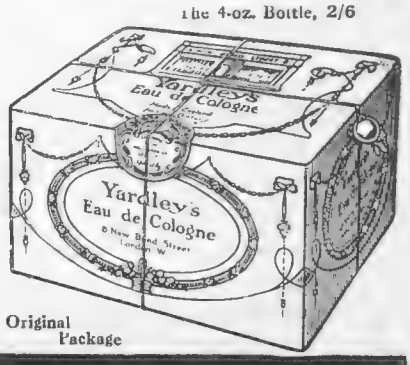
8, New Bond Street, W.

AND OF ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS AND STORES

The Original Package contains ½ dozen 4-oz. bottles, tastefully sealed. It forms a charming gift to a lady. Price 14/6

For Cut Glass Bottles and other gift styles, see Price List, post free

The 4-oz. Bottle, 2/6



Original Package

Letters to Chas. E. Dawson

From "Bystander" readers who have studied his Correspondence Course of Art Training.

"I THANK you for all worthful hints and critic. I am surprised what I have learned in this 1½ years. It is over all expectation. My object was learn to draw. This I have reached. I am racommending your Course to everyone who are interested in Art."—*Odense, Denmark.*

"I HAVE RECEIVED £10 for three sketches and a royalty of ½*d.* per copy for the first 500. I am sincerely indebted to you for your teaching, for it is entirely due to you that I have secured publication, and I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken."—*Ealing.*

"I WON FIRST PRIZE (£25) in the *Studio* Competition for a sardine poster. This fully justified my taking your Course, which has been most useful to me. It is very complete, and I must thank you for the satisfaction I have got from your instruction, and the care taken in giving me information on such a wide range of subjects."—*Esbank, N.B.*

"I HAVE SOLD my design to 'Boots.' I have thoroughly enjoyed the Course, and learned so much about printing, sketching, portrait-painting, etc. The lessons are splendid."—*Nottingham.*

"I SHOULD NEVER have been able to design for reproduction if I had not had your tuition. You opened my eyes to the possibilities of 'Artistic Advertising' as a profession, and no matter how good an artist one may be they could not help but be benefited by your instruction. I have benefited most by the confidence you have given me, and the tips as regards the arrangement of a design, and the possibilities and limitations of the various processes."—*Birmingham.*

"YOUR WAYS and means of doing certain designs have never been seen in any art book, or taught in any art school. I feel as if I have the work at my finger tips, and am now starting to gain by your Course."—*Thornton Heath.*

"I HAVE BEEN at the Front a year, was wounded, and after seven months in hospital drawing is difficult. But the improvement in my work speaks volumes for the efficiency of your splendid, interesting, and instructive Course."—*Bath.*

"I GAINED first prize in 'Drawing' Competition. Without the splendid instruction I received through your P.C.C. Course I could never have hoped to obtain this result.—*Glasgow.*

"I SOLD A DRAWING to the *Tatler,* thanks to your teaching."—*Sandgate.*

"I AM DELIGHTED with the improvement in my work entirely due to your instruction and candid criticism. The Course has benefited me and given me confidence. I have sold a design for a drawing-book cover and sketches for drawing copies. You certainly have the interest of each student at heart, and I thank you for your courtesy and encouraging criticism."—*Guiseley.*

Capt. BAIRNSFATHER

Dear Mr. Dawson—
I consider your Art Course excellent in every way. The mass of Technical Instruction it contains and its stimulating influence upon one's efforts make it indispensable. Even now I always have it by me for reference, and find it an immense aid.

Yours very sincerely,
BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

"I RECEIVED FIVE GUINEAS from Express Dairy Co. for my design, thanks to your instruction and helpful criticism."—*Ongar.*

"I REGRET I have come to the last exercise of the Course. It is like bidding farewell to a trusty friend—a friend from whose sound advice I have learnt much in a short time. *I have learned three times what I paid in fees.* I have done a great deal of work for steamship firms and a poster done as an exercise has been snapped up by a firm of lithographers who are submitting it to a railway. Your Course is as complete as it could possibly be, and anyone going through it cannot fail to store up an amount of information that would take years to acquire in any other way. Many have been interested in my work in connection with the Course, and my advice to all has been to go through it themselves."—*St. Ives.*

"YOUR LESSONS ARE worth their weight in gold."—*Ballaugh.*

"MY FIRST COMMISSION brought me three guineas. I have since designed other posters, and now have twenty-four in hand, and some orders for music covers. I cannot express fully how greatly I admire and appreciate your wonderful Course."—*Sheffield.*

ANY reader ambitious to draw for reproduction in black-and-white or colours, design posters, book and magazine covers, illustrate advts., etc., sell sketches by post, and earn while learning, can have the benefit of Mr. Dawson's opinion as to his or her chances of success, *gratis.* Send to the Practical Correspondence College, 47, Thanet House, Strand, a small specimen sketch in pen, pencil, or colour with stamps for return.

IF your work is unusually promising, you may win one of the Scholarships reserved for BYSTANDER readers, entitling you to the until-proficient Home Study Course at half fees—in small monthly instalments—balance only payable when you have been helped to earn £10. You risk nothing and commit yourself to nothing by sending a sketch for gratis criticism and particulars of the System that has helped so many other readers to earn money in this new and interesting work.

"THE OUTWARDNESS OF PARCELS" (*concluded from page 478*)

Giving Pleasure to Both Parties

Of course, it means taking a certain amount of trouble, but where is the value, from the point of view of the affections, of an obviously careless gift? Since we have given up the fashion of making presents with our own fair hands, as our grandmothers used to do, the least we can offer is a decent show of forethought and care. Even if we are addicted to passing

"A delightful occupation for a wet afternoon"

on our blessings—the paraphrase of a lady of my acquaintance for disposing of unwelcome gifts—they may be made to appear both original and delightful. Moreover, it is a pleasant task.

For Wet Afternoons

Can you not picture madame, seated before a table in her boudoir, surrounded by gay papers and ribbons, pastepot and scissors, engaged in devising some new, fantastic and altogether entrancing scheme? It would be, in a way, like a return to the scrap-albums of the nursery, but how much more amusing—a delightful occupation for a wet afternoon.

EFEMERA

ENVOI

That all kinds of parcels are welcome, it's true—
The thing's perfectly clear both to me and to you—
But "Efemera" takes quite a fresh point of view
Of the various methods of packing 'em;
The usual parcel, tied up with some string,
In a bit of brown paper, is hardly the thing
To make even poets excitedly sing
Of the keen curiosity racking 'em

To know what the paper and string may conceal;
But I think you will all most assuredly feel
That "Efemera's" counsel has come to reveal
A scheme that's both novel and pleasant;
So tie up your parcels in silk or brocade,
With the perfectest ribbons that ever were made,
Or in tissues of every conceivable shade,
But—don't go and leave out the Present!

F. R. B.

'THE CADET'

They do put us through it; never since I left Marlboro' have I had to work as I have done lately; why, settling days on the Stock Exchange are nothing to it. Not having touched mathematics for years the exams. are a bit "up to you" at first; but I have learnt one thing—all the wise ones smoke "Army Clubs."

They're dinkie.

CAVANDER'S
"Army Club"
CIGARETTES.

20 for **9d.**, **50** for **1/10½**, **100** for **3/9**

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any member of our Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. (The Firm of Three Centuries.)

London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.

Cavander's "Army" Mixture—Absolutely pure. 7½d. per oz.

Gentle Suasion

The only practical way to reform bad correspondents is to give them "Swan" Pens. They take away every excuse and will make them like to write. Send them "Swan" Pens this Xmas with names or suitable inscriptions engraved. This adds a touch of individuality to the gifts.

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

The "Swan" Pen is easy to buy, easy to pack, and easy to send. Stocked with nibs to suit all handwriting. Unsuitable pens exchanged free after presentation.

Post Early for Abroad.

Christmas Letter Mail should be despatched to Salonika and Egypt by December 2nd, and France by December 16th (Parcels a week earlier). Registered Postage: British Expeditionary Forces or Colonial, 4d.; Foreign, 6d.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Safety Pattern with screw-on cap, from **12/6** up.

Standard Pattern with slip-on cap, from **10/6** up.

Size 1, Standard Pattern, with slip-on cap, **10/6**

Size 1, full-covered chased Silver, **42/-**

Size 1, with two rolled-gold bands, **14/6**

Size 1, full-covered plain rolled-gold, **35/-**

Size 1, barrel-covered chased silver, **27/6**

Size 2c, Safety Pattern with screw-on cap, **12/6**

No Advance in "Swan" Pen prices—other makes increased about 20 %

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C., 95a and 204, Regent Street, W., London: 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. **London Factory—319-329, Weston Street, S.E.**
Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

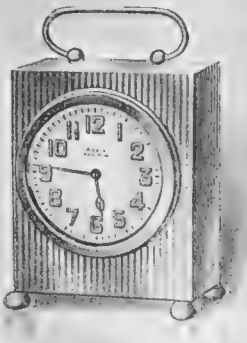
BY APPOINTMENT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

of Highest Quality.

Black Faille Silk and Velvet Handbag, lined Silk and fitted with Inner Frame, Mirror and Powder Puff, with Marcassite and Jade Mounts. Paris made. **£5 5 0**

Solid Silver Folding Photo Case, to take two photos. Outside size, 3½ × 2⅜ ins. **£2 7 6**



8-day Lever Timepiece, in Engine-turned Silver Case, with leather back. Luminous Dial. **£3 3 0**

Solid Silver charmingly Engine-turned Powder and Vanity Box, fitted with Mirror in lid, Gilt inside, can be used separately as Trinket or Cachou Box, if desired. Diameter, 2⅜ ins. **£1 10 0**

Lady's Solid Silver Cigarette Case, with Mirror, beautifully Engine-turned. **£2 15 0**

THESE Christmas Presents, with many others of equal high quality and moderate price are to be seen at The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street.

For the convenience of those who may be unable to make a personal selection, articles will be sent for approval, carriage paid, at The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's risk.

A Catalogue of Christmas Presents will be forwarded on application.

Note the Address:

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD *with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd (A B Savory & Sons) Established 1751.*

112 Regent Street London W.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branches anywhere.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The £50 Cure

BY TIM GRANVILLE

O'Callaghan's was the wonder-place of London by night—of London by war-night. In a few months the show had been transplanted three times, and always to a vaster and more splendid setting. It had been started by "Daniel the Great" in four small rooms in Soho, and Dan's mad and unconquerable jollity had carried it into its present palace. The suppers were boisterous and frightfully expensive, and the dancing upstairs after—well, the less said about that the better! But it was Dan who dominated everything. He slapped a baby subaltern on the back while he whispered to a Cabinet Minister. He ogled a lady from the chorus while he flung a jest at a general who was *not* supping with his lawful and wedded. His fine ringing laugh rose above the highest din and clatter.

Who was he? What did it matter? He had made O'Callaghan's—where no one could be sad.

And O'Callaghan's was a difficult place to get into. It had been built up on a shrewd and very careful basis of introduction. It was for no one but the very rich, the really beautiful, and the great. And the really beautiful were so *very* beautiful that the rich forgave them their naughtinesses and the great were kind to them. Sometimes very, very kind indeed! The really beautiful appreciated this, and so did O'Callaghan. It delighted him to bridge gulfs. How, for instance, would the dear old Lord —— be able to sup with Miss Nancy O'Flynn were it not for O'Callaghan's? And there were quite a number of lords and a brilliant host of Nancies.

Mrs. O'Callaghan herself had been on the stage, and in Dan's eyes she was the most beautiful creature in the world. She in turn adored her husband. In the business side of O'Callaghan's she took no part or interest, but she never missed a night there. But she was a country woman and hated London and loathed the noise and wild nights. Dan had vowed to her that he would take her to live in the country, and she believed that every night of noisy O'Callaghan's brought her nearer to the Irish farm of which they so often spoke.

Alas! Dan, like everyone else who frequented O'Callaghan's, had his secrets.

This Dan was a great adventurer. He had tried his luck all over the world, and never made anything but friends until his golden month came. All in one month he had won big sums at racing, had started the humble O'Callaghan's in Soho, and had met, wooed, won, and wedded Nora. All that followed had the romance of a triumphal progress—but only the romance. But that was Dan's secret. Now and again when the fun was at its height he would glance at his wife. He knew how she hated the place, and he knew why, still hating it, she sat contented. Poor girl! She imagined that all the money that was being spent about her was helping to buy the farm. And from her Dan would glance to another table, and would settle in hate on a little squat man whose bright eyes missed nothing, and had already caught something of the command of proprietorship. *He* was O'Callaghan really, and unless some miracle happened O'Callaghan's would surely and soon be his. Oh, those accursed notes of hand and the greedy, mounting interest! The place was making a fortune, but that horrible fellow got it all, and soon he would step in and take the place itself.

Dan had been in many tight corners, and had courage of a high order, but his heart always failed him when he was on the point, as frequently he had been, of telling his wife the truth. After that wild life of his the green fields of old Ireland—alas! he could not bear to picture them! The loathsome Gordon Montmorency, with his bills and cruel interest, stood between. He loathed the fellow, and intended to pay him off—and out as well. Perhaps Mr. Montmorency would not have been quite so happy had he thought less of O'Callaghan's and more of O'Callaghan! Dan was a handful when he was "up against it," and in due course he evolved his scheme.

One Monday morning he wandered round to Montmorency's chambers. The little squat man received him suavely and was full of curiosity. "That announcement of yours last night created a *great* sensation," he said, unctuously. "Tell me what it is. 'For gentlemen only,' you told us—in the great room next Saturday at ten.' What is it, my dear Dan?"

O'Callaghan smiled and shook his head.

"It is a great scheme—quite safe, of course—but it will fetch the whole town. Now I want to talk business. . . ."

"Yes, yes. A little more money, I suppose. Really it can only be a very little. The margin is nearly reached."

Daniel laughed. There was a new note in his voice, and the man of money looked up with a quick uneasiness.

"I don't want any more of your money," said Dan brusquely. "I have come to arrange to pay you off."

Montmorency was taken aback, and failed to hide his exasperation.

"Pay me off, do you say? Let me see. What is it? More than £9,000."

"Exactly," said Dan complacently. "I hadn't the figure by me. I thought it was rather more."

"Oh! come now—look here. I was so interested in the business, you know—really——. Have a cigar, Dan, and let us talk it over. Why should you turn off an old friend?

Dan shrugged his shoulders, and replied that it was business. His wife hated the work, and he was going to chuck it. He had an offer for the show as a going concern, and would sell.

The financier came hurriedly to his side. "Business, my dear Dan! You really are not a business man. Let an old friend be of use to you." What do they offer now? Let *me* make an offer too. Tell me what

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 484)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Continued from page 483)

is their figure. I might, perhaps, be able to top it."

Dan laughed. "Oh, I'm not such a child as that," he cried. "Of course you can have a chance, but you must state your figure and I'll see which is the best." In the end, Dan signed up to sell O'Callaghan's to Montmorency as a going concern as from the following Saturday at six o'clock for a discharge of his debts and three thousand pounds. When he got out into the street he laughed for the greater part of his way home. With three thousand pounds he could buy a farm and stock it; but he was not intending to be content with three thousand pounds. And he loathed that Montmorency man more than ever.

. . . . . .

O'Callaghan's was packed on the eventful Saturday, and Montmorency was wreathed in smiles. He had done a fine bit of business, and his new manager was already in command.

O'Callaghan was here, there, and everywhere, more irresistible than ever—full of mystery about the ten o'clock show in the big room upstairs "for men only." More than this, he had entrance tickets for those who were to be granted admission, and he distributed them himself with a careful discrimination. "The boys must stay down with the girls," he explained. "I've only chairs for 200."

When every chair had been filled he locked the big door, and with a curious smile on his handsome face mounted a little platform.

"My lords and gentlemen," he began, with a deep bow. "This, as you will soon learn, is a memorable night in the history of O'Callaghan's, and I am honoured by so distinguished a gathering. Really, when I come to glance through the room it is a remarkable assemblage. Nearly everyone is here whom I expected, and there are one or two whom I scarcely trusted myself to hope for. (Then he caught the glance of Montmorency, and looked him straight in the eyes.) This is, indeed, to be a never-to-be-forgotten night," he said, with the same strange smile.

"We are about to show you some pictures. There will be two separate displays, and each show will take ten minutes. After the first show I will say a few more words."

The instant he stopped speaking the lights went out, and then to the music of a single violin the first film was shown. The amazed onlookers gazed on the reception-room at O'Callaghan's. They saw *themselves* arriving, frequently not alone. In some cases there were rapturous and far from discreet welcomes from little ladies, who took their arms with an unmistakable air of proprietorship and passed in with them. Then came the scene in the supper-room, when with flowing wine reserve was cast aside. The gazing crowd was beginning to murmur, and long before the dance-room film was finished the music of the violin was drowned in angry rising protests. Then again the room was flooded with light, and O'Callaghan, bowing and smiling, beckoned for silence. Of a sudden he broke into a boisterous laugh. He had seen Montmorency, and the fellow's face was ashen.

There was something in that laugh that pacified his spectators.

"There—that's the first part. Some of you, I am afraid, are not in it. I apologise, but you will find that you have been more fortunate in the film we will show you later. Please, my lords and gentlemen, do not thank me. I merely felt that these remarkable gatherings here during the great war were historic. Where else in the world could we find a people who at a time such as this were brave enough to forget and sensible enough to be merry? Surely, then, I was right in deciding that we should have a record of British superiority over depressing circumstances. Over this film foreign countries will marvel, your own countryfolk will feel pride, and those of your family whom you have left at home will be as deeply interested as they will be—delighted. Now, you will say that without your own presence so faithfully and unmistakably recorded, the film would have small commercial value. You are right. Everyone who sees these pictures in the halls of the country will say: '*That* kindly gentleman is Lord This. That one with the lady with the bright eyes is Lord That, and there in the corner so deeply in talk with the girl whose skirts are so very short is So-and-so.' Well, I realise the truth of this, and being a fair man I have decided

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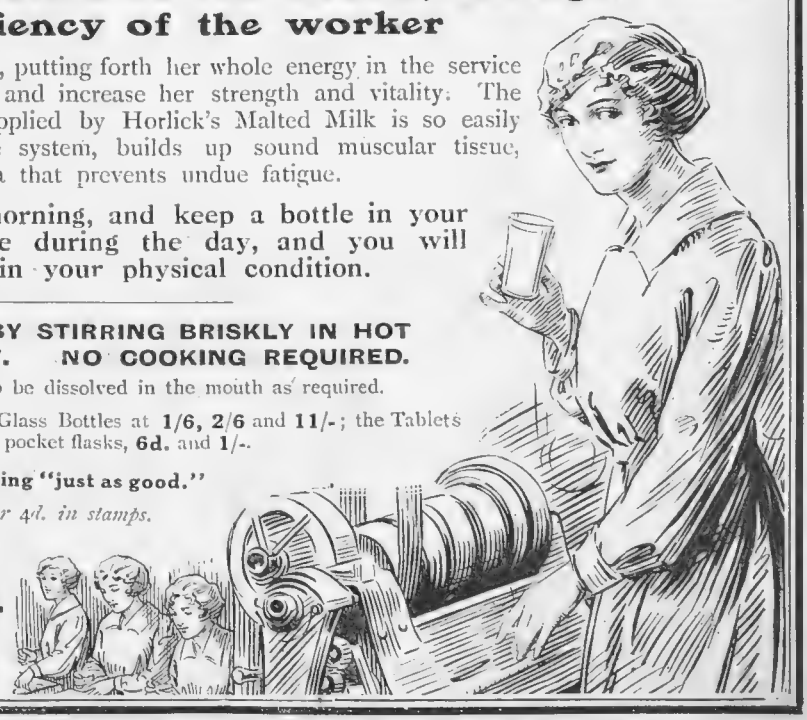

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page* 484)

that these two films must be yours, and, of course, after the small initial outlay, the profit on exhibition shall be yours too. I would superintend this work for you myself, but I am retiring from business. I have sold O'Callaghan's to-day to that fine old Scotsman, Mr. Montmorency. If you should confound him with some other Montmorency, the purchaser is the kindly gentleman who sits at the corner seat of the second row. I hope you will all still frequent O'Callaghan's. Mr. Montmorency may have you filmed again, for all I know. Now, then, to business. I suggest that you form a company, and to enable you to pay a good dividend I will let you have the films for a bare trifle of ten thousand pounds. There are 200 of you, and this merely amounts to £50 a head. Now, which of you will act for the rest and give me the cheque now ?"

MRS. ALEXANDER HARVEY
Married last Saturday to Mr. Harvey, of Lloyd's. Before her marriage she was Miss Sybil Pound, granddaughter of the late Sir John Pound

There was a veritable uproar. The whole gathering seemed to split itself up into excited crowds. Some of the words that reached the platform were ugly words. Dan calmly sat down, lighted a cigarette, and started the violin again. A minute later Montmorency, whom he had been watching carefully, made a dart for him. "You've beaten me," he whispered hoarsely; "you've smashed the business utterly. But I'll cut my loss. I'll give you—two thousand for the films——."

"Go away and play, you pretty man," said O'Callaghan, pleasantly.

Two elderly gentlemen, believing that a deal was being completed with the financier, came forward hurriedly.

"You've held us up," said one of them. "We must pay like lambs——."

O'Callaghan waved him aside. "My lord, this is a free country," he gravely insisted. "If you like to run this business you may. If not I can make a little fortune out of it for myself. Here, you go away, Montmorency. I will *not* take your money. Not even twenty thousand if you offered it. *You* are only a side-show in the picture, and probably these gentlemen want to show it in their own drawing-rooms and will blot you out. (Turning to the now amused peer.) Thanks. I hope you will do well out of it. And, please, keep on coming to O'Callaghan's. Mr. Montmorency will be heart-broken if you don't. Would you like to see the second film? No? Well, it's your property now, of course, and is there any special tune you would like the violinist to play while your friends are leaving? Very well, let me choose one. Here, you long-haired ruffian, strike up. 'Irish Eyes Are Smiling,' or whatever they call the pretty thing."

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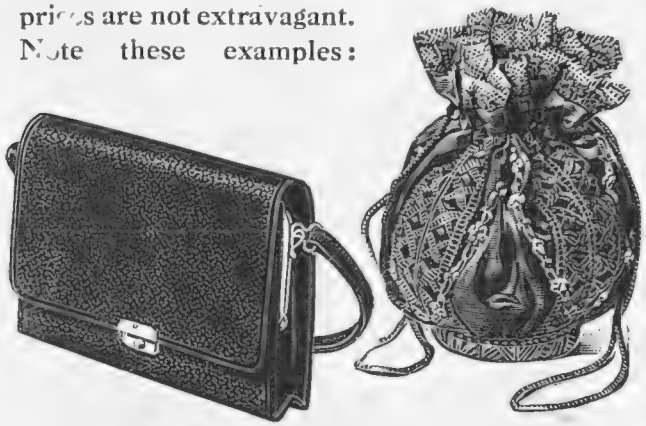
Our assortment offers the widest possible scope for choice—and prices are not extravagant. Note these examples:



R.S. 45 F. Envelope Bag in hard grain Morocco—size 6¾ x 5—inner division lined White Kid. In Black, Navy, Green, Brown and Helio **15/6**

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Books of the Week

A TRANSITION NOVEL

"Ledgar Dunstan"

THE war is responsible for much, incidentally for Mr. A. T. Sheppard's new book, *The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan* (Duckworth: 5s. net). If there had been no war there might have been a book about this young man, but it would have been a different book. Ledgar himself is interesting enough—one of those clever young men who get out of their cramped home sphere to write novels and be perpetually worried at the possibility of there being a deity—but very little happens to him, less even than happens to most of the clever young heroes in the very modern novels. Moreover, you are continually quarrelling with Mr. Sheppard for allowing the lurid present to intrude into the past. Some of his characters speak in terms which belong exclusively to to-day. Surely we never used to speak of "doing our bit." If we saw an elegant young man spending most of his time in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, we may have called him a fool, but surely never a "slacker." And these little points take away from our admiration for Mr. Sheppard's conception.

THE LATE JACK LONDON

Whose vivid and virile romances of seafaring, Wild West, and Klondyke life, have made his name famous and his death deeply regretted

Too Long

We know that Ledgar himself, and, incidentally, his country, are going to be regenerated in the sequel now "in preparation"; we know, too, that the "Antichrist," of whom Ledgar is so often hearing, is going somehow to materialise—Big Willie or, perhaps, that much-misunderstood, Hun-hating, Nietzsche—but the mere fact that the book, for all its fine purpose, appears only now, detracts from our interest in it. This may sound illogical, but that cannot be helped. And it is far too long. Some of the conversations are interminable. And the jokes which Mr Sheppard loves to interpolate wherever he can are not of the first order. Yet there are passages such as the one which tells of poor Uncle Abinadab's last days in a private asylum, which reach the high-water mark. The book leaves you willing to concede a high aim to Mr. Sheppard, but annoyed that more has not been made of it.

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9 ct. GOLD	12/10
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With GEM EYES ..	30/-

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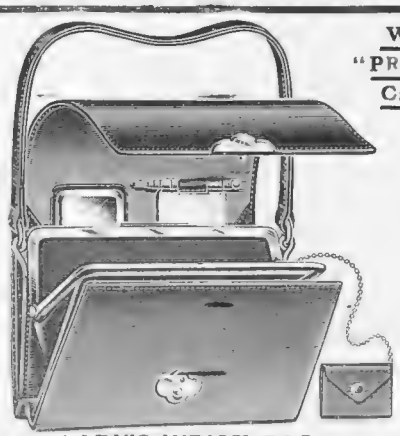

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The "SERVICE" Wrist Watch.

SOLID SILVER Case, RADIUM FIGURES, UNBREAKABLE GLASS

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Racing: New Winter Season

BY "CARBINE"

Steeplechasing Again

A NEW winter's racing season begins on Friday at Windsor. It will not be in any sense a strenuous season, for we are to have only a two-day meeting each week until the end of March, when it is expected that flat-racing will again be resumed upon a restricted scale. Owners and trainers and others interested in steeplechasing are thankful for small mercies. Only foolish people expect racing to be carried on at present in the same way as it was before the war. Wiser folk are content to know that it has not been suspended altogether under the abnormal conditions now prevailing. The Government has not sanctioned the continuance of racing in a modest way without carefully considering its advantages and its drawbacks, and it is to be hoped the faddists will allow this small programme to be carried out without the constant snarls and snaps to which they subjected it last winter.

Follow Mr. Whitaker

In view of the fact that only thirty-six meetings have been arranged for—allowing for the inevitable stoppages caused by bad weather, this means fewer than 200 races in all this winter—it is surprising to find so many jumpers now in training. I am afraid there will not be enough prizes to go round. The strongest stable of all is undoubtedly that run by Mr. Percy Whitaker, who is likely before long to shift his quarters from Royston to Lambourn. Formerly Master of the Oakley Foxhounds, and still a first-class man across country, Mr. Whitaker is an extremely able trainer of jumpers. His well-filled stable is sufficient testimony to the confidence which owners place in him. In Templedowney he has one of the most brilliant 'chasers of the day. This horse's form was rather in-and-out last winter, but I am convinced of his great merits, and he should be a good one to follow.

Strong Stables

Robert Gore has not got so powerful a stable as in the days when he won two Grand Nationals for Sir Charles Assheton-Smith, but he still trains those fine jumpers, Bernstein, Irish Mail, and Sunloch, and should win his share of races. Frank Hartigan has a well-filled stable at Weyhill, including some promising recruits from flat-racing. Fred Hunt, too, is training a good lot at Winchester, including several young horses who were rather disappointing on the flat, but should certainly pay their way over hurdles. Many of the Epsom trainers, too, are busy just now with their jumpers, and Vermouth, trained there last season for his success in the substitute Grand National, looks like adding further to his laurels. Ally Sloper, winner of the last Grand National at Aintree, is still in training, together with other good jumpers under the Hon. Aubrey Hastings's care. You will realise, therefore, that there will be plenty of competition at the coming meetings.

PRACTICAL KIT

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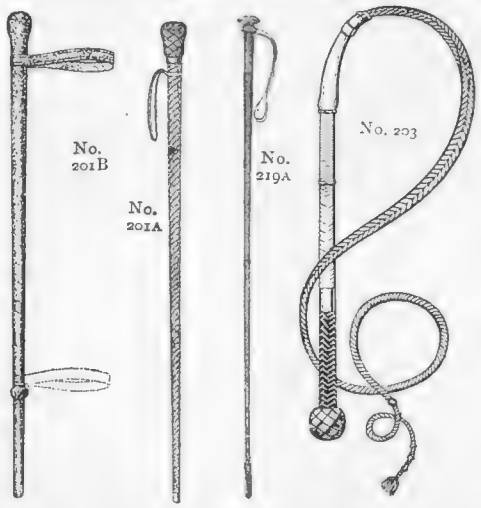

	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap ..	2	10	0
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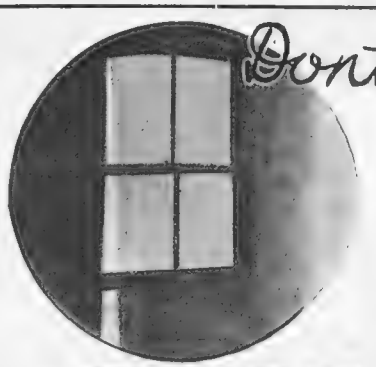

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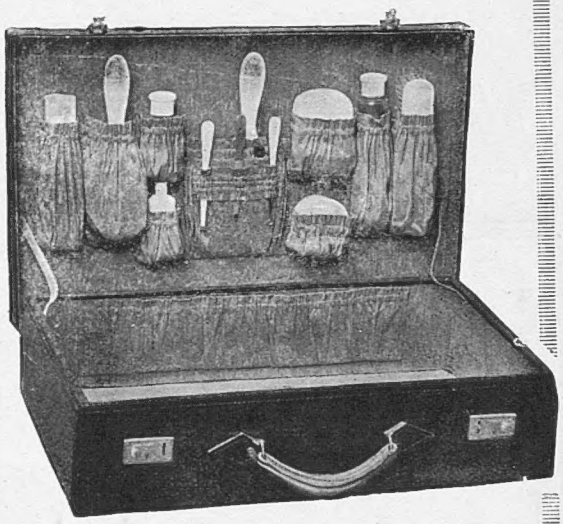
The "Cross" Suit Case makes an acceptable gift with or without fittings, as many ladies already have toilet fittings possessing personal associations. These can be collected and placed in the Case which then forms an extremely useful accessory, fitted as need or taste dictates.



Case made of smooth tan or black grained hide, lined watered moirette. No. 3045.

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TOUCHING TAXATIONS

On Taxes

THERE has been correspondence in the technical press upon the equity (or lack of it) of making what is called the private car bear all the taxes and the commercial vehicle none of them. The commercial vehicle side of the case, of course, makes great play with the fact that commercial cars are representative of national economic interests (which is true enough), while the private vehicle is (this by inference) no more than a dissipation, or at best a healthy form of recreation. Which also, of course, is distinctly not true—not as to ninety cars in a hundred—particularly to-day.

* * *

Making Distinctions

WE shall always have our recreational (or dissipational) vehicles; and that is an excellent thing, if only because motoring is an infinitely more healthy and nationally desirable spare time occupation than any number of other forms of amusement. But largely, even the car taking the form of a private vehicle must, wholly or in part, be a commercial vehicle also—used partly or wholly, directly or indirectly, in business connections. If we declare that these private-shaped vehicles shall be taxed while obviously commercial vehicles shall not be taxed, how are we going to justify the tax on the former when used for commercial work; and, in the alternative, how are we going to allocate an equitable tax varying according to the degree of commercial usage in the former? It can't be done.

* * *

Certain Iniquities

IF we assume an after-the-war era; and again assume that the idea of making users pay for the road, which justified motor-car taxation before the war, will again be maintained after the war, we have to reconsider the position of the commercial car which clearly consumes vastly more road than the private vehicle. Authority, so far, has taken the line that this would be a handicap on industry. It certainly would. But that merely throws all the taxation back again upon the private vehicle, which must be numerically an even smaller (comparative) quantity after the war than before it; while if special exemptions are made (as they should be made) in the case of the private vehicles used partly or wholly for commercial purposes, it means that about 5 or 10 per cent. of motorists will have to pay for the benefit of all the other road-users, motoring or otherwise. An obviously iniquitous arrangement.

* * *

Class Taxation

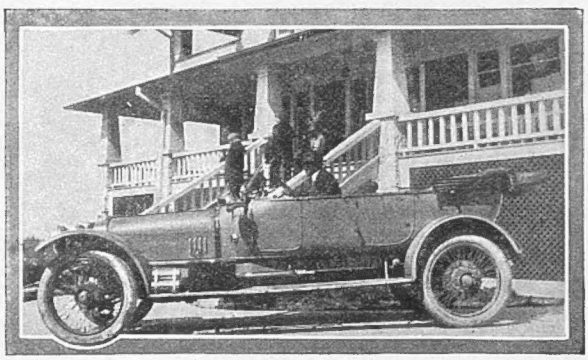
GENERALLY, "class" taxation is always iniquitous. Motoring taxation has always been most particularly so. I offer no special plea for the purely recreational car except that there are a thousand other recreations less desirable and more properly taxable. I do not, however, suggest that the purely private car should not bear a tax. I only suggest that it should not be taxed specifically for road maintenance because the burden would be intolerable, and you must kill your goose. If you ear-mark special revenue for special purposes, as in the case of a road tax, then you must make everybody benefiting from the road liable to the tax—particularly the owners of the heavier vehicles. But that is as objectionable, from my point of view, as the local control of main and secondary roads, which are of national importance, and should be dealt with nationally instead of being botched and jobbed according to the jerry-built ideas of parish-pump politicians.

* * *

The National Idea

THE best way to realise revenue for all imperial purposes is, doubtless, by the graduated income tax method;

Continued on page 494.



SUNBEAM

QUALITY REVEALED IN SERVICE AFTER 29,000 MILES NO APPRECIABLE SIGNS of WEAR

British Columbia.

"The six-cylinder Sunbeam car you supplied to His Honour Judge ——— in 1914 is still giving perfect satisfaction. The car has now gone for 29 000 miles and upon my examining the bearings of the engine last week, also the gudgeon pins, I found it quite unnecessary and almost impossible to take them up at all. No car can give greater satisfaction to its owner than this has done during the last 2½ years."

R. A. M.

The Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ld.

Head Office and Works .. Wolverhampton
Manchester Showrooms .. 112, Deansgate

London and District Agents for cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.

Dunlop tyres are fitted as standard to Sunbeam cars

THEIR HIGH REPUTATION *for* QUALITY *upheld by* POST-WAR MODEL.

Stellite Cars

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR "WAITING LIST" FOR EARLY DELIVERY AFTER THE WAR.

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO LTD
WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON AGENTS:- WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER.
TELEGRAMS:- AUTOVENT, VIC, LONDON. *TELEPHONE:-* 6220 VICTORIA (6 LINES)

DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(6)

If the true benefactor of mankind is he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, how should one describe the originator of a giant industry, which has revolutionised methods of transport and locomotion the world over?

Daimler

Ease of Control

THE refinement of Daimler engineering and design is realised and appreciated in these "chauffeurless" days.

The number of Daimlers in daily service, the facile manner in which they are handled by their lady drivers, is striking testimony to their ease of control and simplicity.

The Daimler Sleeve-Valve engine has eliminated springs, tappets, pre-ignition, loss of compression, frequent adjustment, and valve grinding. It is the only engine that improves with age. Continuity of service is assured with the Daimler under all conditions.

The Daimler Company Ltd.
COVENTRY.

HIRE DEPT. { *Store Street, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.C.*

THERE is no virtue in labouring and waiting when neither is necessary nor desirable. Both are avoided, particularly in the experience of the woman driver, when the car is fitted with Warland Dual (quick-tyre-change) Rims.

WARLAND DUAL RIMS.
Write: ASTON, BIRMINGHAM; 111, Gt. Portland Street, London.

MOTORING (concluded from page 492)

but that is outside my department. Certainly, however, in this particular motoring connection, it is better to treat the main and secondary roads as a national concern to be maintained out of the national exchequer. Every other way you get waste and inefficiency. The Road Board was, in its small way, a recognition of this principle. The pity is that we did not make it a really national department instead of a petty loan office doling out limited and inadequate funds realised by unfair methods from one small body of road-users.

* * *

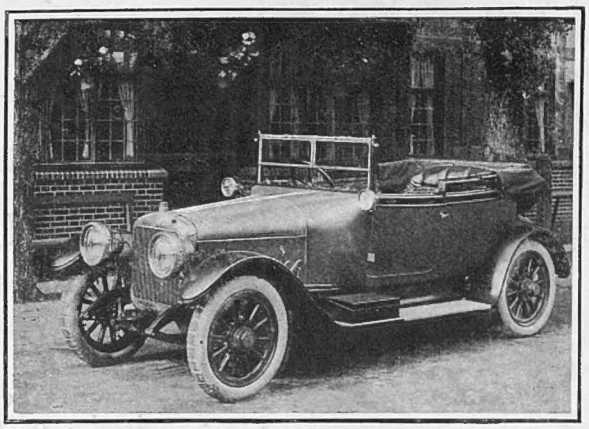
Rovers' Year

ROVERS' balance-sheet, just issued, is an excellent essay in caution. Assets total £437,171 13*s.* 3*d.* against a share issue of £138,668. There is a general reserve now of £100,000, a war contingencies reserve of £40,000, and a carry forward of £40,233. The modest dividend paid is 10 per cent. free of tax. Clearly Rovers are looking ahead and arming themselves for trade after the war.

Road Law

DR. WALDO, one of the few well-balanced coroners when a case in which a car is concerned comes up for judgment—and, incidentally, one of the authorities whose suggestions generally have all the weight of sound reason and clear value behind them—said that, in his experience, some people walked in the gutter from sheer obstinacy. In the course of the case then being considered (of a pedestrian run over by a motor-'bus on London Bridge) it was stated that people crossed the road in the centre of the bridge notwithstanding the darkness, and if the police warned them of the danger they either insulted the police or told them to mind their own business. Dr. Waldo is one of the few men of authority who will allow that vehicular traffic has a right to the road built for it, and that it is as incumbent upon the pedestrian to look out as upon the driver of the 'bus or car. That is reasonable; but when, as is more generally the case, the judge or coroner supports imbecility on the part of the pedestrian, and justifies it on the ground that a pedestrian has as much (meaning a greater) right to the road as a wheeled vehicle, that is not reasonable and not true. In the interest of mechanical transport we want more Waldos.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY



AUSTINS AND ANTICIPATIONS

Above is an excellent example of Austin car craftmanship—one of the last of the series before national needs absorbed the whole of the company's energies. After the war there will be concentration upon a one-model chassis of 20 h.-p. with a touring or landaulette body complete and ready for the road. It is expected that such concentration will enable the Austin car to be marketed at less than pre-war prices

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. Strong, Efficient, Reliable, and British throughout. Write for new Catalogue. C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

A slogan from the front:
"The finest car on active service"

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

Will it be possible to get a new high-grade English car *quickly* after the war?

I.

MANY motor-car works to-day are making anything but cars, and as a consequence of the order recently issued by the Ministry of Munitions, none at all may now construct cars for private use. What cars, then, will be available on the arrival of peace? Only those produced in a factory that continues up to that time to be making its standard article for national purposes.

II.

IT is therefore pointed out that the Vauxhall company continues to produce its 25 h.p. model, in standard form, for military use. The Government demand for these cars, which have established the reputation of being the best at the front, is maintained in such manner that at the end of the war both ample supplies and an attractive price are assured.

III.

IF, therefore, you wish to ensure getting a high-grade English car *quickly* after the war—and above all the dominant car of the war—your name should be added to the Vauxhall waiting list. Write to-day for a catalogue and waiting list particulars. Each day's delay puts another name before yours.

VAUXHALL MOTORS, LIMITED
174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.
And at PETROGRAD. Works: LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.